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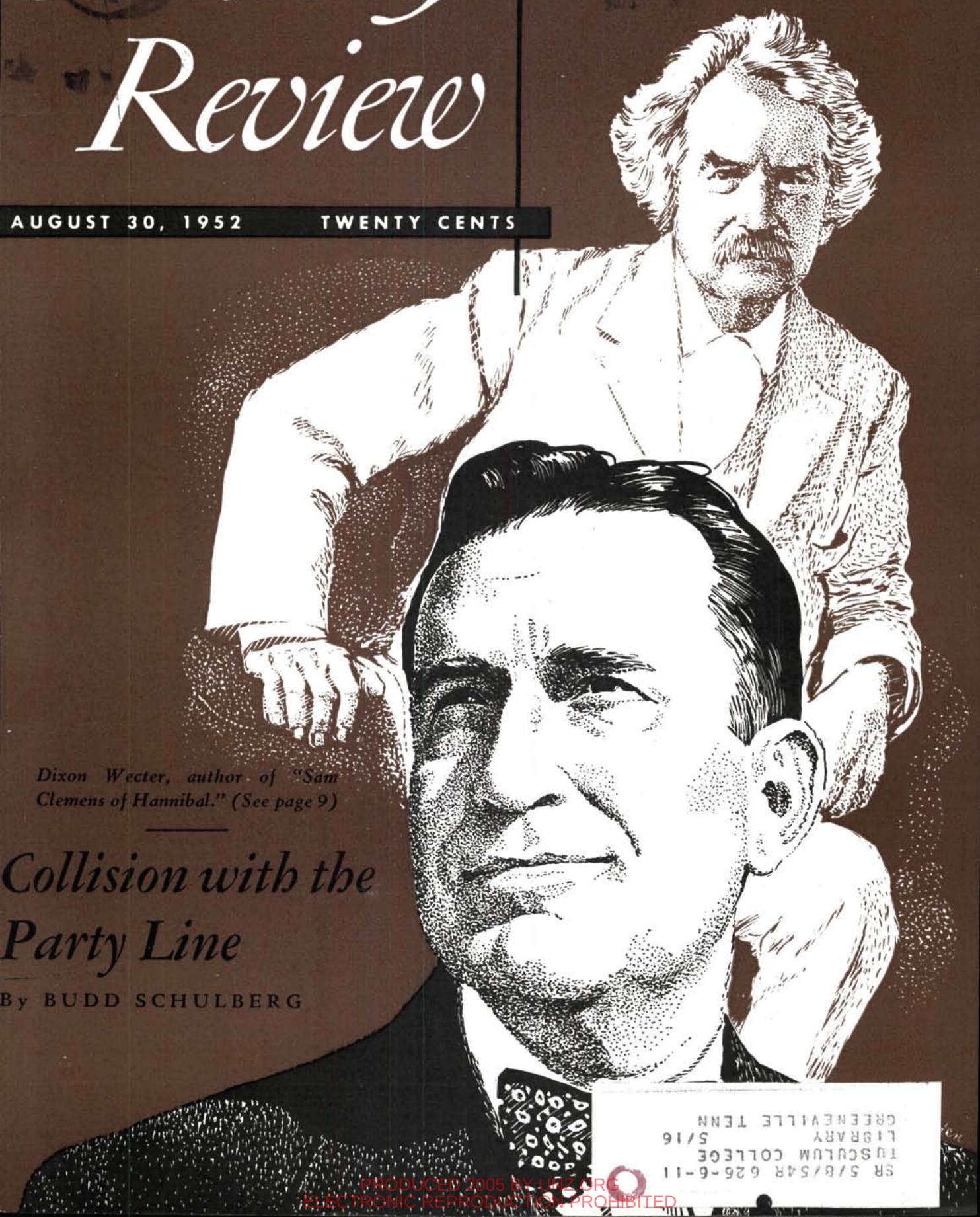
Saturday Review

WEST COAST REPORT

By IRVING KOLODIN *(Recordings)*

AUGUST 30, 1952 TWENTY CENTS



Dixon Wecter, author of "Sam Clemens of Hannibal." (See page 9)

Collision with the Party Line

By BUDD SCHULBERG

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From Ernest Hemingway to the Editors of LIFE...

"I'm very excited about *The Old Man and The Sea* and that it is coming out in LIFE so that many people will read it who could not afford to buy it. That makes me much happier than a Nobel Prize. To have you guys being so careful and good about it and so thoughtful is better than any kind of prize . . .

"Whatever I have learned is in this story and I hope it reads simply and straight and all the things that are in it do not show but only are with you after you have read it . . .

"I had wanted to write it for more than 15 years and I never did it because I did not think I could . . . Now I have to try to write something better. That is sort of rough. But I had good luck with this all the way and maybe I will have luck again..."

From the Editors of LIFE to readers of The Saturday Review...

IN this week's issue, in time for you to read it during the last long weekend of the summer, LIFE is publishing *The Old Man and The Sea* in its 27,000-word entirety, exactly as Hemingway wrote it. It has had no previous publication anywhere in the world.

On September 8, it will be published in book form by Charles Scribner's Sons and it will be one of the Book-of-the-Month Club's two primary selections for September.

We hasten to say that we have not gone into the fiction business. Since 1936 we have worked to present a round account of what goes on in the world by means of photographs and whatever words are necessary to explain them, and we hope to go on doing so for a long time.

But like all men and women we can be moved. We have been deeply moved, and suddenly it seems not only permissible but almost necessary to break our tradition.

Ernest Hemingway has finished a magnificent new piece of fiction, so compellingly good that we have no choice but to open up a special 21-page space in the magazine and print it.

We hope you will read it. Some of you will be excited by the story itself, some by its meaning, and some by the triumph of the writer.

In any case, few will disagree with Author James Michener, who last week raced through a set of galleys and summed up his feeling so: "*Old Man Hemingway has produced a masterpiece and won back the championship. He's still the pappy of us all.*"

One of the 19 drawings by Noel Sickles which will illustrate the book in LIFE

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Good News

▶ "Men begin with acts, not with thoughts." Members of the faculty of the third annual Cumberland Forest Music Festival have canceled their teaching and concert contract because the trustees of the University of the South have denied Negro divinity students admittance to the university's School of Theology. Dr. Roy Harris, American composer, who is head of the festival, said that the stand had been taken not only because of the Negro situation but for "freedom for all of us."

▶ Youngsters the world over are invited to send articles, drawings, paintings, poems, and stories for the 1952 competitions in *Shankar's Weekly* Children's Number of India.

The first Children's Number was published in 1949. Since then, what was an adventure in Indian journalism has become a unique international institution of culture and goodwill. In four years, children of many countries have participated. They enjoy seeing the creations of others of their age who, against widely different backgrounds and circumstances, express the same fundamental thoughts and wishes.

More and more the importance of the Children's Number is being internationally recognized. For the 1951 Number, a total of 7,500 contributions from fifteen countries were received. Nearly 200 prizes were awarded which included a gold medal for the best drawing, awarded by the President of the Indian Union, and twenty-two first prizes by the Prime Minister of India. Foreign governments participated by adding to the donations.

Now some facts about the 1952 competition. There will be a minimum of ten prizes for drawing and writing each in every age group. (The entries will be classified and judged age-wise, *i.e.*, 5-6, 6-7 and so on up to 15-16). These will again include the President's gold medal and the Prime Minister's awards.

All children born on or after October 31, 1936, may compete. They may choose their own subjects and submit as many original works as they wish. Articles must be in English, written in the competitor's own hand on one side of the paper. Pictures may be in any media except pencil and of a size not smaller than 8″ x 10″. Name, address, date of birth, and sex should be printed on each entry. Mail contributions to *Shankar's Weekly* Children's Number, Odeon Building, P.O. Box No. 218, New Delhi, India, in time to arrive before October 31, 1952.

The Saturday Review

AUGUST 30, 1952

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TRADE Winds

JOHN P. MARQUAND'S SON, still in his early twenties, has written his first book, a novel running to 600 manuscript pages. He is signing it with a pseudonym. Described as witty and soundly done, it is currently causing high interest along Book Club Row, but no specifics about its title, plot, or theme will be given here for fear

of identifying it too clearly. TRADE WINDS feels as smug as any other column about pulling off what's called a Flash, but would certainly hate to frustrate this new novelist's plan to launch himself on his own. It's nice to see a young writer with enough gumption to slam all the eager doors that a name like John P. Marquand, Jr. would fling open for his first work.

THE ONLY MAN who can *talk* a parenthesis so that your eardrums unfailingly feel the beginning and end of it is Gilbert Highet (pronounced Hi-et), whose erudite, charming, often biting weekly book talks on radio have already built up an ardent cult on the airways. The listening cult, as well as readers of Professor Highet's own books, will now be able to get more of Highet's criticism and writing, duly united in legal wedlock. Gilbert Highet becomes official book critic for *Harper's Magazine* with the September issue.

In 1949, Oxford University Press published his entertaining though scholarly book "The Classical Tradition," and a year later Knopf brought out his most widely known work, "The Art of Teaching." Prof. Highet, born in Scotland, began teaching the classics at Oxford University; in 1937 he came to Columbia, and now is Anthon Professor of Latin there. In addition to his teaching, his series of translations and preparations of textbooks, his vast amount of reading for what might be called "The Highet Criticism," he has recently been finishing a new book, this one on Juvenal and his satires. A lazy man, obviously.

In any case, the announcement of his new duties may help assuage the feelings of regret, loss—even rage—which many *Harper's* readers experienced at the news that Charles Poore had stubbornly decided that the year he promised the magazine 'way back in 1950 had really gone on long enough. Mr. Poore is indolent too. In addition to being co-editor of "Books," in *The New York Times*, and writing the Thursday and Saturday reviews there, he is at work on a long book about modern writers and modern writing.

THE INNER SANCTUM at S. and S. was lively with discussion the other day as three editors denied rejecting a certain novel because a couple of nasty characters in it made anti-Semitic remarks. Given such creeps, the editors agreed, bigoted remarks were true to life, and the reason the Ms. had been turned down by each in turn was simply that it was tedious, dull, a bore. At this point Max Schuster, who had not read the book, spoke up: "The last book on earth I want to publish," he said, perfectly deadpan, "is a *dull* anti-Semitic novel."

"ONE OF THESE DAYS I must write about my own people." This was an entry in John Steinbeck's journal, jotted down some fourteen years ago, just after he had written, in "The Grapes of Wrath," about the arrival of the Joad family in California.

"East of Eden" is the result of that long ago impulse. It is Steinbeck's biggest novel, more than a quarter of a million words long. The author's first notion, when he began actual work on it, was to set down in story form, for his two small sons, the full record of their ancestors from the time they moved westward to the Salinas Valley just after the Civil War. His first draft began that way, with many passages addressed directly to his children. But somewhere along the line he introduced a fictional family, the Trasks, and before he knew it the Trasks had taken over. For a while the author fought back vigorously; in the end he capitulated, reducing the story of his own family to its vestigial elements, and finally striking out all the special passages written to his sons.

Steinbeck writes longhand, on white foolscap with blue lines, and as he turns a page, he often sets down, on its other side, his own comment about what he has done, notes about things to come, his personal thoughts and emotions, both about the work in hand and about life in general. Thus, when he at last delivered the thousand-page manuscript of his new novel to Pascal Covici, his editor at Viking Press, there was, on the backs of the pages, a large part of what might one day be published as "John Steinbeck's Journal."

Mr. Covici has been Steinbeck's editor for nearly twenty years; between the two there is as close, though apparently not as turbulent, an editor-author relationship as the one between Thomas Wolfe and Maxwell Perkins. During the entire writing of a novel Mr. Covici sees Steinbeck every few days; often the author reads aloud whatever he has done since the last visit. When "East of Eden" was finished, Steinbeck sent it to Pat Covici in a large mahogany box he had made himself; into its cover he had carved the three words of the title and below them a Hebrew word which Mr. Covici transliterated for me as "Timshel." "It's from the Bible," he explained, "translated either as 'Thou Shalt Conquer It,' or 'Thou Mayest Conquer It.'" The "It" in either case meaning Evil.

Along with the large and beautiful box containing the Ms. went a note from the author, and it is that note which, without Mr. Covici's knowledge until he found it in the printed book, later became the dedication borne by "East of Eden":

"Dear Pat,

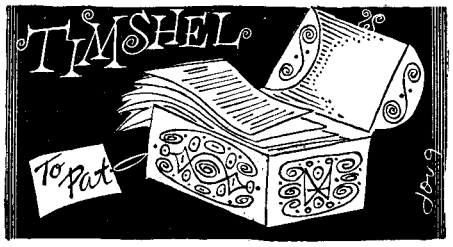
You came upon me carving some kind of little figure out of wood and you said, 'Why don't you make something for me?'

I asked you what you wanted, and you said, 'A box.'

'What for?'

'To put things in.'

'What things?'



'Whatever you have,' you said.

Well, here's your box. Nearly everything I have is in it, and it is not full. Pain and excitement are in it, and feeling good or bad and evil thoughts and good thoughts —the pleasure of design and some despair and the indescribable joy of creation.

And on top of these are all the

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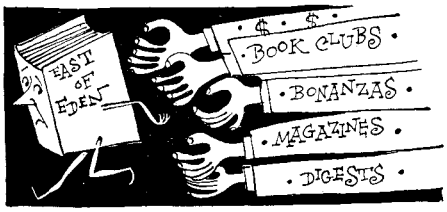
gratitude and love I have for you.
And still the box is not full.
John"

"East of Eden" is to be published September 19; the first printing is 110,000, and the only way you can read it, at least until 1953 is partly gone, is the old-fashioned way of buying it, borrowing it, or getting it from a library. This odd turn of affairs comes about because the author



and publishers, after much talk and consideration, decided to hold off, for several months at least, from all possible bonanzas via book clubs, magazines, and digests. Sounds real reactionary, doesn't it? And how wonderful!

WHENEVER I HEAR heart-rending discussions among publishers about the spiraling rise of that demon, the "break-even point," I am reminded of the story about one of our better-known publishers, whose name, out of my well-known aversion to controversy, I will here withhold. This publisher had asked his entire staff for their most expert estimates about the sales possibilities on a certain first novel, with an eye to determining the size of the initial print order. A meeting was called; the various estimates were totted up; an average was struck. The figure arrived at so carefully was 4,800.

"But," said the publisher unhappily, "our break-even point is 7,500." Prolonged figuring and arguing followed; the publisher convinced his colleagues that no profit was possible on a smaller edition. The print order was finally placed: 7,500.

In due course the novel appeared—and sold 4,800.

—Laura Z. Hobson.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic (No. 961)

PAUL REYNAUD:
UNITE OR PERISH

At this aggression in Korea, the democracies rubbed their eyes like a sleeping traveler who has been wakened suddenly by gangsters. . . . In this tragic struggle the American isolationists and the European neutrals cut a sorry figure.

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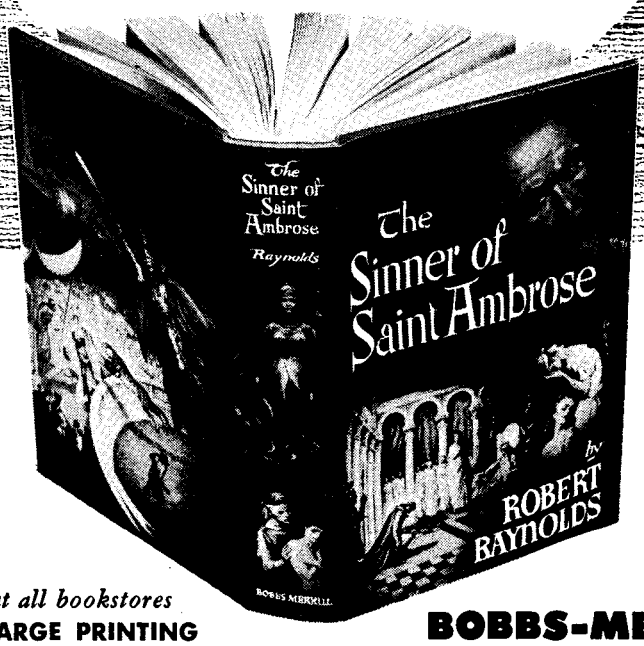
"Opulent, engrossing, dramatic splendor . . . All the dramatic and sensational symptoms of a collapsing order are in Mr. Raynolds' material. He uses them with the skill of great storytelling . . . An artist, a scholar and a creative thinker are at work here. Mr. Raynolds has written a distinguished and important book."—Edmund Fuller, *Saturday Review*

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection



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A powerful force in U. S. education will be fully examined in The Saturday Review for September 13th. The theme will be:

THE ROLE OF THE PRIVATE FOUNDATIONS IN AMERICAN EDUCATION

This is a timely and pressing subject for The Saturday Review's Annual Issue with Accent on Education. Leading authorities who have studied the impact of the great foundations in this field will report their findings.

Don't Miss the September 13th issue

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The Saturday Review

AUGUST 30, 1952

Collision with the Party Line

BUDD SCHULBERG

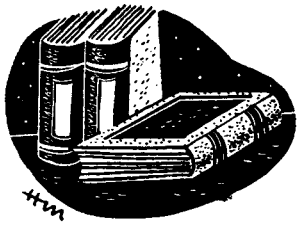
Budd Schulberg

TODAY, as I, like millions of others, down my daily dose of anxiety with the morning headlines, as I fret about Soviet expansion on the one hand and democratic shrinkage on the other, I think back to a pivotal experience that feeds my hatred of conformity, whether state-controlled or privately peddled, whether dictated by the Commissars, under penalty of death, or "suggested" by powerful pressure groups using the milder weapons of blacklist and boycott.

It began in the early Thirties when I was still in my teens, when my father was head of a Hollywood studio and we lived in what was then the heart of the movie colony, Malibu Beach. With a tennis court adjoining our house and with the Pacific for a swimming pool, with track meets, ball games, and boxing matches, Grauman's openings, Trocadero floor shows, dances at the Grove, symphonies under the stars, and barbecue beach parties under the moon, with the children of famous stars, directors, and producers for playmates, ours was not exactly a proletarian or Marxist background.

But we youngsters living on one of Hollywood's highest plateaus were at the same time co-inhabitants of a United States in a troubled year—1933. In the same conversation and almost in the same tone we discussed summer plans, Elaine, Dorothy, the Saturday dances, the waterfront strike, bank failures, breadlines, apple vendors, NRA, the Reichstag fire. We talked about Hitler, anti-Semitism, war. We were afraid of Adolf and the munitions makers. My peaceful, prosperous, almost retardedly simple Southern California high-school world began to be haunted by bogeymen: storm troopers, demagogues, plutocrats, warmongers. Somehow they were all involved in an unholy alliance against our personal well-being and the peace of the world.

We weren't unduly serious or political. We knew more about our record-breaking sprinters, Paddock and Wyckoff, than we did about Lenin and Stalin, who were still only vague names in a distant country. I was something of an authority on our local fistic champions, Fidel La Barba and Jackie Fields, but names like Foster and Browder stirred in me not even faint tremors of recognition. In 1923 I think I would have shrugged off politics as a subject for wet-smacks. But that summer of 1933 economics and world politics were in the air. The hitchhikers on the ocean highway, advance scouts for Steinbeck's army of Okies, were all looking for work. Refugees from UFA studios in Berlin began to filter into town. When I returned to college that fall, I was responding to such shibboleths as "the Forgotten Man," "the Common Man," "the Underprivileged." I was imbued, like many of my generation, with "social consciousness," that catch-all for every variety of sympathy or identification with the lower classes, who were forming breadlines, striking for living wages, or demonstrating for more Federal aid.



IN THE following semesters I think I was less influenced by my professors than by a quiet-spoken undergraduate from Mississippi who was working his way through school by pressing clothes. His was quite a service. You could get a new crease in your political theories as well as your trousers from this pants-pressing Socrates. Through the stale vapors of steam hissing from the mangle his almost inaudible voice came to us as from an oracle. Economic quakes, the accumulation of great wealth on the one hand and the intensification of poverty on the other, the scramble for world markets resulting in greater and greater wars—all these were to be expected so long as the ownership of the means of production remained in private hands. Through the steam of that little pressing shop a new, rosy cloud took shape: Socialism, planned economy, abundance for all. International brotherhood. No more wars. A new millennium of plenty.

It was good to have an explanation at last for the terrible statistic of twelve—or was it sixteen?—million unemployed in a country of such resources as ours, good to find something positive to believe in. We would not be another lost generation after all. We would be found. We would do the finding ourselves.

We read John Strachey and R.

Budd Schulberg is an American novelist, thirty-eight years of age, whose most recently published novel is "The Disenchanted."

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Palme Dutt; discussed Fascism in Germany and Italy as the final, violent death agony of capitalism; read Maurice Hindus and the Webbs; talked about Russia. A new world was being made, with a whole new set of values and social aims, that might provide an answer. Lincoln Steffens had returned from the Soviet Union with an epigram that burned in our minds: "I have seen the future and it works."

That summer, between my sophomore and junior years, I decided to have a look at this "future." From high-school days I had been reading Tolstoy, Chekhov, Pushkin, Dostoievsky, and I found it would be possible to take a course in Russian literature under Prince D. S. Mirsky, a White Russian whose book on Pushkin was familiar to me. After years of émigré life in London, where he had contributed regularly to such traditional journals as the *Times Literary Supplement,* Mirsky somewhat inexplicably had joined the Communist Party and returned to the Soviet Union in the early Thirties. His change of heart and his acceptance by the Soviet authorities were an indication—it seemed to me then—of the growing tolerance in Russia, its readiness to cooperate even with a member of the old nobility if he was able to make a contribution.

Before setting out for this promised land, I read what little Soviet literature I could find in translation: "Chocolate," by Terassov-Rodionov, a forerunner to "Darkness at Noon"; "Three Pairs of Silk Stockings," by Panteleimon Romanov; "Time Forward!" by Kataev; "The Volga Flows to the Caspian Sea," by Boris Pilnyak; the short stories of Maxim Gorky; and some wonderful fables of Jewish life in Odessa by a protégé of Gorky's, Isaac Babel. Thus prepared, and armed with the inevitable book contract that was standard equipment for every literate and semi-literate in those days, I set off toward the new horizon.

RUMMAGING through my attic the other day, I found the first chapter of a book on Soviet youth which I had the good sense to abandon when I returned from my summer's visit, thus saving myself from one of those premature adventures in print that hounds one ever after. My first impression was of the ironic "reverse-English" of pro- and anti-Soviet propaganda. The effusions of the pros had not prepared me for the f ightful housing, the near-starvation of many workers, their lack of shoes, the homeless children begging on the streets. But on the other hand, the cry-havoc school had described Soviet culture as a drab, gray monolith that had flattened all Russian art into a terrible sameness. Instead, I found myself caught up in the most exciting theatrical activity I have ever known. At the Meyerhold Theatre, artistically the most revolutionary, I saw an interpretation of Ostrovsky's "The Forest" I shall never forget. Meyerhold was creating new, anti-traditionalist forms for traditional plays; his bare-stage and "constructivist" settings anticipated by a decade or more such American theatrical experiments as "Our Town" and "The Skin of Our Teeth." The Tairov Theatre, the Vakhtangov, the Moscow Art, the Bolshoi offered everything from Aristophanes through Shakespeare to Ben Hecht! The world of Soviet art, rich in variety and vitality, was measuring up to the rosiest claims of the Communist press.

Lincoln Steffens: "I have seen the future and it works."

With my Hollywood background and my book contract as entree, I had an opportunity to meet many of the leading figures in drama, film, and literary circles. Meyerhold showed me through his theatre and made an effort to describe some of his theories of constructivism and acrobatic movement. His was a new theatre for a new age, he said, re-creating the past in the image of the future. I talked with Vakhtangov's widow about her husband's theatrical innovations, which explored a middle course between the realism of Stanislavsky and the mechanistic approach of Meyerhold. I was invited to the apartment of young Afinogenov, whose play "Fear" was one of the hits of the season. Afinogenov reminded me of a prosperous Hollywood writer. Royalties were pouring in from all parts of the country. An appreciative government had just rewarded him with a new car, and he was planning to drive out to his summer home for the week-end. While I was with him he put through a call to his American wife who was then in London.

"How much artistic freedom was there?" I wanted to know. To be honest, said Afinogenov, the International Union of Revolutionary Writers (RAAP) had exerted considerable control until a year or so before. A self-appointed literary dictator (whose name, I learned later, was Averbach) had enforced his narrow, ultra-leftist conception of Soviet writing. But thanks to the wisdom of Stalin, who recognized Averbach's steamroller approach to art, this saboteur of the arts had been removed. (Averbach was sent to Siberia and subsequently shot as a Trotskyite.) Now Afinogenov felt free to write as he pleased—"within the world concept of Marx-Lenin-and-Stalinism."

My class under Prince Mirsky at the Anglo-American Institute—an informal summer school for English-speaking student-tourists—filled many gaps in my knowledge of Russian literature. The Prince, with an Oxford accent, "class-angled" his discussion of Pushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Gorky, and the new Soviet writers, but his book on Russian literature was accepted in the West as definitive —as I believe it is to this day—and his knowledge of his subject was sure and deep. His opinion of Fadaiev and other Soviet favorites at that time was not altogether complimentary. I took this for further evidence of the growing freedom of individual opinion in Soviet Russia, for Fadaiev was one of the more orthodox and prominent Soviet authors.

I had met Russia's foremost film director, Eisenstein, when he was in Hollywood working for my father. The brilliant director of "Potemkin" and "Ten Days That Shook the World" had been critical of the "commercial bondage" of films in America and had boasted of the stimulation to

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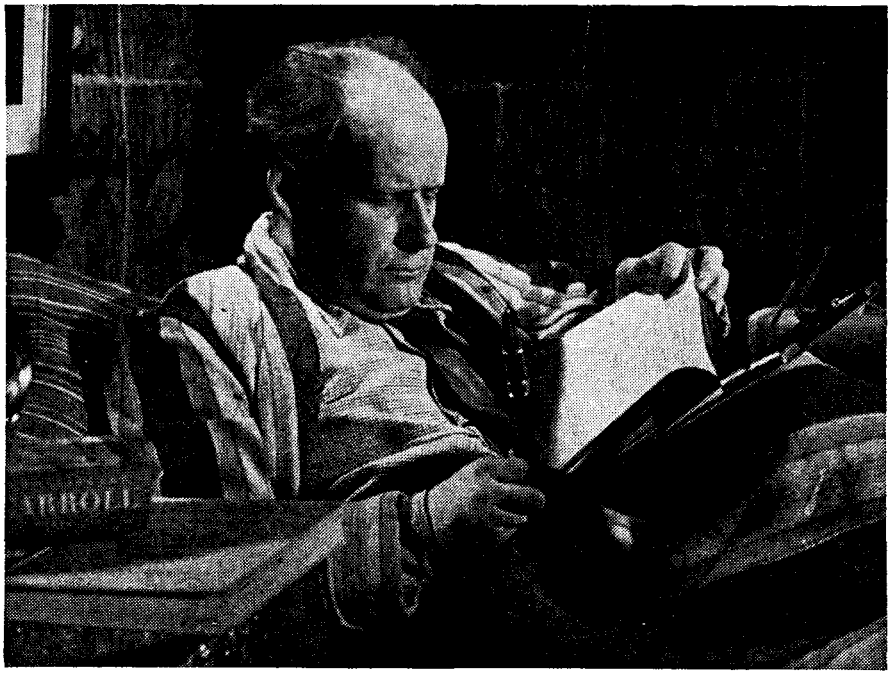

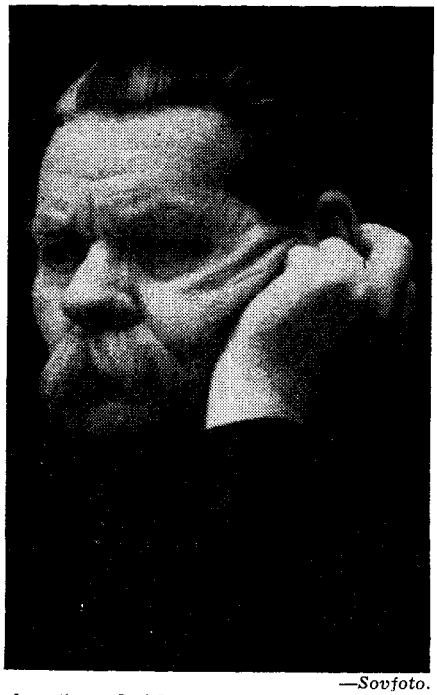

—*Sovfoto.*

Russia's foremost film director, Eisenstein—"the equalitarian dream come true" . . . and Gorky—"grand old man of Soviet literature."

creativity in the Soviet Union. Now I spoke to Eisenstein several times on the telephone, but he did not seem as anxious to see me as I would have expected from our talks in Hollywood. He was not well, he said, and had been working terribly hard. He had not succeeded in producing a film since his return to Russia and—I heard later—there were rumors that the work he had devoted himself to for more than a year was being scrapped because of its mysticism and anachronistic use of religious symbols. He arranged for me to go through a film studio where I was quickly informed that only in the Soviet Union were pictures produced on the basis of true democracy. "The script is not chosen and approved exclusively by 'the bosses' as in Hollywood," said my guide. "Everyone in the studio, from the star and director to the lowliest stage-hand and office-boy, has an equal voice in the production." Here was the equalitarian dream come true. A world-famous director did not consider himself a prima-donna; he served happily as a servant of the great revolutionary proletariat.

CLIMAXING a full summer was the First Soviet Writers' Congress, which I attended that September just before returning to college. The great names in contemporary literature mingled with factory-hand beginners, Leningrad "Europeanized" intellectuals with Mongol delegates having their first look at the non-Asiatic world: at least fifty different language groups, each with its own native dress and national literary heroes. On the walls were giant-sized pictures of Pushkin and Gogol, Ostrovsky and Gorky—"the father of the Congress"—along with mammoth representations of that ubiquitous triumvirate, Marx, Lenin, and Stalin.

My memory of that Congress needs prompting as to exactly what was said, but no refreshing as to the general impression of enthusiasm, optimism, and universality with which I came away. I remember a greeting from André Gide, who expressed his faith in the Soviet Union as the champion and defender of world culture. (This was before his first-hand experience in the Land of the Great Defender a few years later.) I remember the nervous, intense Malraux, sharing the platform and the adulation of the delegates with Maxim Gorky, whose little embroidered skull-cap emphasized his role as the grand old man of Soviet literature—and indeed of proletarian writing throughout the world.

Gorky spoke on Socialist Realism, the key-note of the Congress. Socialist Realism was not to be a tight strait-jacket, into which the Averbach-RAPP fanatics had tried to squeeze all Soviet writing. It was both to draw on and be a step forward from the traditional bourgeois realism of the great nineteenth-century writers. Balzac, Tolstoy, Stendhal were realists who reflected their society in a negative way because bourgeois society was frustrating the human potential. Socialist Realism, no longer narrowly proletarian, would be positive, optimistic, and rooted in faith in humanity, focusing on human beings rather than on mass production. A somewhat different interpretation was presented by the Party spokesman, Zhdanov, who reminded the writers that artistic truth must never be separated from "the task of ideological remolding and re-education of the toiling masses in the spirit of Socialism."

Despite this voice of Soviet orthodoxy, the Congress celebrated a brief period of tolerance and comparative artistic freedom. Juri Jelagin, the ex-Soviet violinist now playing with the Houston Symphony Orchestra, whose book "Taming of the Arts" is a restrained and poignantly convincing eye-witness account of the decline and fall of esthetics in his native land, prods my own memory with such impressions as: "Among the many speakers was Isaac Babel. This gifted novelist had been silenced since 1928 and I still remember how surprised and pleased I was to see him on the podium speaking a brilliant speech in his usual sharp-witted manner."

ANOTHER gifted Soviet writer, Yuri Olesha, whose novel "Envy" first had been hailed and then bitterly criticized by Soviet critics for its nostalgia and individualism, discussed before the Congress his personal difficulties in adjusting to the demands being made on him by Party dictates. With refreshing honesty he admitted that the First Five Year Plan had not inspired him as a literary theme. "I would not have been a true artist if I had chosen this theme. I would have lied and invented"—like many Soviet writers with less integrity, he implied. His Communist critics had attacked Olesha for his sympathetic treatment

(*Continued on page* 31)

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Last of the Jongleurs

WALTER BLAIR

MARK TWAIN had seventy-five years of life and as many occupations, part- or full-time, as almost any author one can think of—blacksmith's helper, drugstore assistant, printer's devil, tramp printer, steamboat pilot, soldier, miner, reporter, traveling correspondent, lecturer, columnist, author, inventor, entrepreneur, editor, and publisher. But in writing his greatest pages, he returned again and again to his life as a boy, because, as he said, "that life had a peculiar charm for me." The charm was unforgettably evoked and communicated in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." And the finest passages in "The Gilded Age," "Life on the Mississippi," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," and the "Autobiography," as well as in lesser works, derived from Twain's nostalgic and obsessive memories of life on his uncle's farm just outside of Florida, Missouri, and in Hannibal, the town of his boyhood.

Though it concludes about two decades before he began to write his masterpieces, Dixon Wecter's exhaustive study,* devoted wholly to Clemens's first eighteen years, is justified by the close relationships between the man's early life and his best work. It clarifies the outlines of his personality. It enables readers to learn how he transmuted the stuff of life into great literature. Moreover, this account, by a scholar of United States history, of Sam Clemens's middle-class, mid-American, mid-nineteenth-century childhood and youth illuminates important facets of our country's past.

A clear picture of Sam Clemens's family shows mingled Irish and British stock, descended from a miscellany including rifle-toting trail-blazers, pious Quakers, and hard-working Southern yeomen, with haughty but dubious claims to aristocratic ancestry in England and Virginia. Sam's parents both had heritages of ineptitude for money-making; and from the time of their marriage their fortunes—except in a few brief periods—steadily declined. So, like countless others of the era, they migrated at frequent intervals to new homes westward, always buoyed by hopes doomed to be disappointed.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, their sixth offspring, was conceived while the family was on the move from Tennessee across the Mississippi to Missouri. He was born in a cheap clapboard house in "the almost invisible town" of Florida, Missouri, on November 30, 1835. When, four years later, the family's prospects in Florida played out, the Clemenses moved for a new start in Hannibal. Since this was their last migration up to the time Sam began his wanderings as an itinerant printer, the future humorist grew up in that riverside town.

The clan as the boy knew it is vividly characterized by Mr. Wecter. The father was an intellectual, stern and undemonstrative, but high-minded and full of impractical projects which invariably plummeted his finances downward. The mother, gifted with gaiety, humor, warm affection, energy, and (of necessity) courage, was a foil for him and the mainspring of the family. The children ranged from the eldest, bumbling, fuzzy-minded Orion, through Sam, a poetically sensitive boy who, paradoxically, had a genius for mischief, to the youngest, the virtuous and bookish Henry, destined to be caricatured as Model Boy Sid in "Tom Sawyer." Rustic Hannibal is firmly limned as a background, as is the idyllic Quarles farm, where Sam spent memorable vacations. The dwellers in Hannibal and on the farm are brought to life, both the adults and the youngsters, colored and white, who were to be fictionized by Twain into immortality. And Clemens's history is set forth in detail from his puny childhood, through his years at school, through his period as printer's devil and apprentice writer, down to the summer of 1853 when, in his eighteenth year, he left Hannibal—physically, though not in memories or imaginings—permanently.

THE BOOK illuminates Clemens's whole career. The depiction of his family—out-at-elbows, satanically proud, always desperately leaping into wildcat ventures—explains, for in-

THE AUTHOR: Dixon Wecter and his wife, Elizabeth, left Berkeley on June 24, 1950, for the Mother Lode country of northern California and Nevada, the territory where Mark Twain first found his literary focus in the 1860's. "We'd scouted out the Carson City, Virginia City, Jackass Hill area a couple of years before," Mrs. Wecter (now Mrs. John Pike) reminisced the other day, "but Dixon wanted to refresh his memory before he went deeper into the biography, and he was on the trail of some new material, too. We stopped off in Sacramento, and Dixon delivered an address on a hundred years of California writing —Bierce, London, etc., etc., and TWAIN—for a gathering of librarians celebrating the Literary Centennial of California. He died in Sacramento that night, very suddenly and unexpectedly, of a heart attack. Do I sound grim? I don't mean to. I'm just thinking how occupied he was with Mark Twain up to the very last minute of his life." It was in 1946 that Wecter succeeded Bernard DeVoto as editor of the Mark Twain Estate, a prize he won as a result of an incisive critique of Twain for the "Literary History of the United States." Knee-deep in the correspondence, papers, and manuscripts that comprised the unpublished Twainiana, he envisaged among other things a two-volume, definitive biography. This, he felt, was "what was most needed." A scholar with plenty of the sleuth in him, Wecter then began to retrace Twain's life town by town, river by river, his objective being to add the look, the smell, the personality of all these places to the Twain papers. His ambition was to set the record straight, and, in his book, Mark Twain, often idealized as the playboy of the world, emerges as Sam Clemens of Hannibal, the man whose heart had never really left his boyhood town. In his four years as editor of the Estate, Wecter edited three books on Twain, wrote "The Age of the Great Depression," toured Latin America on a mission for the State Department, and held down the Byrne Chair of United States History at the University of California. He had had time to complete only the first draft of Vol. I of the biography when he died at 44. The job of putting it into shape for publication fell to Mrs. Wecter. —BERNARD KALB.

* *SAM CLEMENS OF HANNIBAL. By Dixon Wecter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 335 pp. $4.*

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stance, Twain's lifelong affinity for impossible investments and his delight in wealth and splendor. The picture of his background shows that Hannibal, though small, was a far more complex community than glib generalizers about it have confidently claimed. The details about his personality show that, even as a youth, he was a much more complicated—and a much more normal—individual than some melodramatic interpreters have held. Facts about people and events which may be set alongside characters and happenings in Twain's books show that Mark was far more of an imaginative and inventive artist than many readers have believed.

Although other books about Twain deal, many of them admirably, with special aspects of his work and life, the only study of this period which competes with Wecter's in authority and comprehensiveness is the ninety-three pages in Paine's lengthy biography published in 1912. The present account is vastly superior for several reasons: hordes of students studying Mark during the last forty years have unearthed much relevant material—most of Clemens's Hannibal writings, for instance—all utilized here. Paine was a catch-as-catch-can, amateur scholar, Wecter a trained, experienced historian. Wecter knew the national and local historical setting better. Too, he was able to ferret out many valuable new facts from old records, old newspapers, and even the Clemens papers themselves (which Wecter and Paine alone have been able fully to utilize). Wecter knew Twain's writings, published and unpublished, more thoroughly and appreciatively than Paine, and was able to relate fact and fiction at many additional points. Hence he corrected many errors, added vital information and filled in important gaps in the record. Finally, he mastered his facts and molded them into an orderly and readable narrative, seldom letting—as Paine did—extraneous details clutter up his pages.

Wecter had planned to cover similarly the remaining fifty-seven years of Twain's life, but his untimely death ended his work. Readers and students of Clemens will consider his unwritten chapters an irreparable loss; but they will be thankful for this authentic and readable recreation of Clemens's life and the background during the seed-time of his literary career.

Walter Blair is professor of English at the University of Chicago. He wrote "Native American Humor 1800-1900," "Horse Sense in American Humor," and "Tall Tale America."

Fiction. Almost as long as some men have been writing serious books about utopian worlds—and that dates back at least to Plato—others have been writing about them with satiric and ironic wit. It remained for the totalitarian states of the twentieth century to induce novelists to depict times to come in such a way as to fill their readers with horror and fright. By all odds the best of these bitter books published so far is George Orwell's "Nineteen Eighty-Four" (1949); while Taylor Caldwell's "The Devil's Advocate" [*SR*, May 3] is a surprisingly grim picture of the future from one of the most popular chroniclers of the past. Now Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., depicts in "The Player Piano" (page 11) a dreadful age when men are ruled by IBM machines. . . . It has been some time since a new writer of exceptional promise has come out of France. Harrison Smith speculates why this is so in reviewing Maurice Druon's Goncourt Prize novel, "The Rise of Simon Lachaume" (below) . . . And in "Campbell's Kingdom" (page 12) Hammond Innes, the author of literate adventure yarns, is in good form.

Monoliths of Fame & Pride

THE RISE OF SIMON LACHAUME. By Maurice Druon. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 324 *pp.* $3.50.

By Harrison Smith

FOR the past several years translations of French novels have failed to win the popularity that has been accorded to the work of contemporary Italian novelists. It is not entirely a question of quality, for France will always be the country of superb prose and poetry, but of an enervation of the French spirit, a lack of vigor and of any vital contact with human nature. It has been a defeatist literature imbued with bitterness and misanthropy, due perhaps to the continuing influence of Jean-Paul Sartre and his disciples. Existentialism has been far more than a fad; it has corrupted the creative gifts of countless young writers. It may be the fault of our publishers who have chosen the French writers we have been permitted to read. At any rate, there have been few novels conceived in the grand manner, or based on the tradition of family dynasties which goes back to Balzac's "Comedie Humaine," to Martin du Gard's "The Thibaults," and to Duhamel's "The Pasquier Family."

Maurice Druon—"obsession of old age."

Published in France as "Les Grandes Familles," Maurice Druon's "The Rise of Simon Lachaume" was awarded the Goncourt Prize. It is centered on two family dynasties, the aging men who control them, and their associates, wives, mistresses, and children during the years immediately following the First World War. There is Baron Siegfried Schoulder, the multimillionaire banker, a magnificent old wreck with a purple nose and a blotchy skull; now falling to ruins, he is supported by his gigantic son, Baron Noel, who controls vast industries and a great newspaper and is governor of the Bank of France. There is the aristocratic de la Monnerie family whose members have won fame, titles, and decorations as generals, diplomats, and men of letters.

The novel begins with the birth of a son to the granddaughter of France's most celebrated romantic poet and the grandson of old Siegfried Schoulder, a union of the aristocracy and the arts with industry and finance. Soon after, the old romantic poet dies in the odor of sanctity and fame, attended by the most famous doctor in Paris and a young disciple, Simon Lachaume, a talented, sensitive, but opportunistic teacher who has been able to climb steadily through the closed ranks of Parisian society. In his last moments Jean de la Monnerie, "the old machine

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for manufacturing Alexandrines," murmurs the first line of an unwritten verse: "I shall not have time to finish."

Throughout the novel the influence of poets and writers on French politics and social life is astonishing to an American reader. Even the famous doctor, Professor Lartois, becomes a member of the Academy because he has composed forgotten essays in his youth and reads Greek classics as an avocation.

As the years pass, the massive structure of these two intermingled families remains as impressive as an ancient citadel. Death and the fear of death is the great antagonist. The old men, bald, sere, and tottering reluctantly to their impressive funerals, are adamantine with pride.

It is the youthful people who suffer. Young Isabelle de la Monnerie had a love affair with Simon Lauchaume when he had become socially acceptable and was attached to one of the Government ministries, though she knew he had left his wife and was having a protracted affair with the dead poet's aging mistress. Dr. Lartois examined Isabelle in his magnificent office, told her she was pregnant, and then casually attempted to seduce her. She was induced to marry a man approaching seventy who was presumed to be impotent and the natural son of a duke. She managed to arouse the old man so effectively that he soon died in her bed.

The son of Baron Noel Schoulder and his wife, Jacqueline, were for a time content and in love with each other. The young man was brilliant and perceptive; he foresaw that the boom of the Twenties would lead to disaster. In attempting to adapt new methods to the family newspaper and then to reconstruct and modernize its industrial properties he is checked by his father's jealousy. Convinced by the old man that he has ruined the Schoulder fortunes, he commits suicide.

"The Rise of Simon Lachaume" is essentially a novel of old age and death, a subject that few novelists have the courage to attempt, though Enid Bagnold's remarkable novel of senescent French society, "The Loved and the Envied," has the same conception and the same attraction. This obsession of old age is expressed in Dr. Lartois's inaugural speech to the Academy, where under the classic cupola "a shaft of sunlight pierced the dusty upper air, falling like the sword of an archangel on the naked baldness of a somnolent head." He had the misfortune to address a congregation of old men on this psychosis, which he called a blessing, "for it masks the obsession with death which burdens so many others."

New Terms & Goons

PLAYER PIANO. By Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 295 pp. $3.

By Charles Lee

TO the long list of worries coming off the assembly line of the Age of Anxiety—atomic energy, Anzus, iron curtains, inflation, and flying saucers—Mr. Vonnegut has a new one to add: automation. His mordantly amusing first novel deals with an America that has become one vast interlocked corporate machine so expertly mechanized that almost nobody has to work. The Third World War has been won, permanent peace has been declared, the machines have moved off the battlefield into the factories, and about the only thing people can die of is boredom.

The scene of Mr. Vonnegut's streamlined nightmare is Ilium, New York, whose topless towers house one of the massive sets of push-button workshops that distribute materialism to the American public in a complete security package. Its personnel consists of a few technocrats and one woman, all of whom are under the direction of a governing body of managers and engineers in Washington. This elite lives apart from the "people," whose diversions seem to be television, dope, alcohol, divorce, suicide, and assorted other delinquencies when they are not in the Army or the Reconstruction and Reclamation Corps.

The manager of Ilium is one Dr. Paul Proteus, whose occasional visits among the people at length begin to convince him (his own wheels turn slowly) that the computing machines have somehow left out character, that the tinkering talents of America have finally gadgeted it into a humming terror of uniformity and frustration, that efficiency can neither provide for nor understand the needs of the spirit. Proteus becomes sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, and if it is paler than you might like you must remember that he has been trafficking in vacuum tubes for most of his thirty-five years.

His first notion is to retire from Ilium with his wife, Anita, a "sexual genius" whose concept of the richer life includes a fanatical devotion to TV commercials. Anita resists Paul's emancipation proclamation, complete with farm, kerosene illumination, and ordinary wash-tubs, and turns her genius in more rewarding directions.

The results are protean, indeed, for Paul, and he is soon involved in more switches of loyalties than even his tabulator mind is prepared for. He is given a sudden assignment to act as a secret agent for the Government, his chief duty being to inform on a disaffected bureaucrat who has joined a revolutionary group of the people and who just happens to be his own best friend. Turning to the revolutionaries himself, and being trusted by neither side, Paul finally discovers himself to be the head of the rebellion, with consequences that no one (excepting perhaps the infallible machines against which he marches) could predict.

Mr. Vonnegut's glimpse of the future may strike some as being overdrawn to the point of grotesqueness, and wanting in Orwellian depth, but it has macabrely playful pertinence at a time when the workerless factory is all but upon us. He would ask us, out of his own electronic literacy (he is himself a graduate engineer), whether this new phase of the Industrial Revolution will be geared to the spiritual and intellectual growth of the American people or whether it will grind their dream into a kind of abundant discontent of the sort satirized in his ingenious book. "Player Piano" has its bright side as entertainment, and its witty moments. But it's not funny.

Charles Lee, who teaches at the University of Pennsylvania, has served as book editor on Philadelphia and Boston newspapers.

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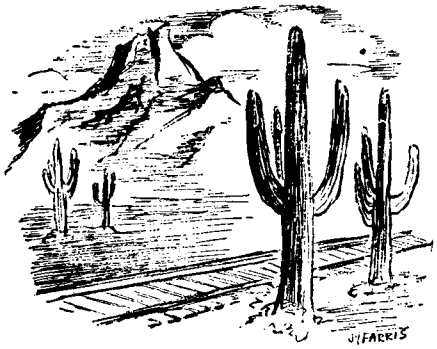
Alone with Gramps

CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM. By Hammond Innes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 309 *pp.* $3.50.

By Fletcher Pratt



SUPPOSE your grandfather, a man you saw for the last time as he was emerging from a prison sentence you believed he deserved, left you all his property. This property, as part of the supposition, consists of a considerable territory in the Rocky Mountains, under which your grandfather believed oil to lie; but the best available oil geologists said no dice. The attorneys who notify you of the inheritance want you to sell the place because someone wishes to build a power dam near it, and they offer you a good round sum. It is probable you would take the good round sum and neglect your grandfather's letter bequeathing you his ideals as well as his land. But what if, on the day the attorneys call you in, you are notified you have only a few months to live?

Mr. Innes bets, and is agreed with from this corner, that you would go take a look at the inheritance if only to make the most of your declining weeks. Whereupon, and very naturally, you come upon some very strange shenanigans, assorted hatreds, conflicts, and personalities.

The result is an adventure story. Also it is a very interesting production, not only in the sense of keeping the reader out of bed, without too much inciting him to look at the last chapter and find out how it comes out. (The adventure story is different from the straight detective novel in this respect: the terminus is by no means as important as the view from the windows while the train is going past.) It is also interesting as a straight matter of literature. The characters are not as completely built as in a "serious" novel, but they are a lot more fun to live with, even when they are on the wrong team. The dialogue really gets somewhere, the parts all hang together, motive arises out of character in a perfectly credible fashion. And since perfection of visual and tactile detail is required to make the reader accept the credibility of scenes and actions in which he can only vicariously have a part, perfection of detail is provided.

In other words, the claim being made from this corner is that the adventure story, when it comes as strong as this, is better literature than the pundits are willing to concede. It is true that no world-shaking problems are discussed. But it is at least arguable whether the discussion of such questions does not belong outside fiction, and whether fiction, in the person of Hammond Innes, is not returning to its primary business of telling a tale well.

August Night: Deep South

By Daniel Whitehead Hicky

The last red weary footstep of the sun
Presses the distance, leaving the cotton fields
To night and fireflies. Straggling shadows run
Along a broken fence where four o'clock yields
Small drifts of faint perfume before its petals
Close out the darkness, folding some inside;
A stretch of cabins' lights, their smoking kettles
Spicing the moonrise with a savory tide.

This is the crickets' hour; their music stitches
The seams of shadows together as the moon
Burns in watery patterns where stagnant ditches
Stir with a frog's leap and his throaty tune.
The cabins darken again and night takes over,
Sowing a stillness on the fields like death
As earth turns slowly as a restless lover,
Delirious with honeysuckle's breath.

Fiction Notes

THE QUIET LIFE OF MRS. GENERAL LANE. By Victoria Case. Doubleday. $3.75. The convention in historical romances is to show the wife of the "great man" as a creature of dazzling beauty, infinite caprice, and a victim or heroine of countless illicit romances. Miss Case has chosen a more solid course. Her "great man" is Jo Lane, a legislator in the growing state of Indiana, a private, then general, then hero in the Mexican War, governor of the Oregon territory, a senator nationally honored at first, later execrated. Meanwhile there was Polly, as patient a Griselda as you'd be likely to find. Marrying Lane early, she bore him ten children, watched him go off to the wars and his high adventures, kept the home fires not only burning but supplied with fuel. Despite the title Miss Case demonstrates that this was by no means a quiet life but rather one full with problems, conflicts, tragedies. Mrs. General Lane emerges as a soundly interesting creation, whose factual story has been garnished with an absorbing interpretation. The general, if not quite cut down to size, has quite a little of the glory rubbed off.

PORTRAIT OF MELLIE. By Diana Petre. Pantheon. $2.75. This is one of those tight, taut, and intense little studies in improbable psychological horror that recurrently appears on the literary scene. As usual it is so well done that you wonder why the author didn't find better employment for time and talents. Mellie is only one of the monsters in Miss Petre's waxworks, but she is a dilly. Warped in childhood by an overpossessive father (with the customary incestuous complications), Mellie remained an amoral egocentric whose ruthless pursuit of her own ends was only held in bounds by her childishness and ineptitude. When Miss Withy (second monster) gets hold of her and begins to manipulate her the nasty doings get under way. Mellie almost destroys her children. These had apparantly been conceived by parthenogenesis for all the customary forms of sex behavior Miss Petre allows to enter her story. A third monster—who dies from taking an unaccustomed bath—succeeds in thwarting Mellie, and the novel floats away into the miasma from which the author cooked it up.

HELEN TEMPLETON'S DAUGHTER. By Louise Eskrigge Crump. Longmans, Green. $3. For about two-thirds of its way this is a pleasantly readable, mildly thoughtful romance

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The U.S.A. Next Monday is Labor Day, honored by long-standing custom as the time Presidential campaigns start in earnest. Three subjects that seem certain to be argued heatedly during the following nine frenzied weeks are debated a bit—just a bit—more coolly in books we review this week. Corruption in government? Professor George A. Graham discusses ethics in public life and offers some admirable if perhaps unattainable standards of conduct for servants of the people in "Morality in American Politics" (below). Communism in America? Former American Communist Louis F. Budenz confuses instead of clarifies this important issue in "The Cry Is Peace" (page 14). Our policy towards the USSR? Jerome S. Davis seems equally muddled in the plea he makes that we try to understand and get along with the Russians in "Peace, War, and You" (page 15). . . . The American penal system comes in for some severe and probably unjustified criticism in Fulton Oursler's "The Reader's Digest Murder Case" (page 15) and Fred Berson's "After the Big House" (page 16).

Case of the Perforated Pockets

MORALITY IN AMERICAN POLITICS. By George A. Graham. New York: Random House. 338 *pp.* $3.50.

By V. O. Key, Jr.

ALMOST everyone favors morality in politics; Professor Graham takes his stand with the majority on this principle. It is not so certain that the majority would stand with him as he spells out the ramifications of the abstract proposition. He has not sought to enthrall his readers with a narrative of the shenanigans of the knaves, both sinister and engaging, who flit through the shadows of American politics. Nor has he concerned himself with an analysis of the tricks, extraordinary in the ingenuity devoted to their contrivance, by which a more or less dishonest dollar can be turned.

Professor Graham takes a different, and broader, road. He argues that political authority rests on a moral base and that all "civilized men" recognize that certain moral imperatives must guide men in public life. For the politician the Decalogue is not enough. Instead of achieving a negative morality by simply not sinning, he must also be moved by "a positive good will" to act, according to his very best judgment, "in the interests of the universal neighborhood of mankind."

From such a conception the conclusion flows, if I state correctly the architecture of the argument, that every legislative act, every governmental decision involves a moral choice, large or small. An act of Congress, adopted according to all the constitutional formalities, may be most immoral. A senator may be completely money honest yet a scoundrel of the darkest hue. Truly monumental rogueries that make the deep-freeze set look like a Sunday School class may be indictment-proof. At this point a part of the majority would probably desert Professor Graham. They would be reluctant to concede that their policy demands might be immoral.

With so broad a definition of morality a complete report on morality in American politics would fill several books. Professor Graham has to limit himself to the high spots. He organizes his treatment around the chief institutions of politics: the legislature, the executive, the administrative agencies, the courts, political parties, and pressure groups. Congress gets a low score on all counts in the consideration of the question of why it has "failed so miserably to achieve the moral force and the moral leadership expected of it." The unrepresentative character of legislative bodies is held partially to blame. In the Senate, for example, a small group, such as the silver bloc, can and does take advantage of its position to hold up the rest of the country. Seniority, senatorial courtesy, the filibuster, and other departures from responsible and rational action come in for attention. Here some more of the majority might desert Professor Graham on his specifics, for there are those who contend that even the filibuster, even rural overrepresentation in legislative bodies serve great moral purposes.

The great power of the President, it is argued, has been erected by Presidential assumption of the moral leadership that Congress rejected. The public expects the President to seek the public interest while Congress labors under the compulsion of no such expectation. Although due

—Acme.

RFC investigation scene—"policy demands might be immoral."

V. O. Key, Jr. is the author of "Southern Politics" and "Politics, Parties, and Pressure Groups." Professor Key teaches political science at Harvard University.

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credit is given to President Truman for courage and devotion to the public interest on great questions, the verdict seems to be that, in his toleration of improprieties by some members of his staff and of his Administration, he has acted more like a senator than like a President.

In the expansion of the discretionary authority of administrative agencies new points have developed at which the choice of broad policy alternatives, which are moral choices, must be made. The special problems of manning these agencies, of exercising control over them, and of their relations with the industries concerned are treated in detail. Considerable attention is given to the findings of Senator Paul H. Douglas's subcommittee on ethics in government, for which Professor Graham served as consultant.

As the major elements of the Governmental apparatus are passed in review, the principal proposals of recent years for reform are summarized. Most of them spring from the studies of political scientists and many of them boil down in principle to means for sharpening assignments of authority, for implementing authority, and for raising the visibility of those in posts of authority to the end that the public may be more accurate in aiming its indignation.

By enlarging the scope of the discussion of political morality Professor Graham raises its level. The problem is more than one of the petty grafter. The politician hailed as a Friend of the Farmer or as a Defender of Free Enterprise may well be simply stealing for his constituency rather than for himself. All of which extends the question of moral accountability back to the constituents. Yet questions of public policy are rarely matters of black and white. An opinion regarded as impeccable by all moral standards by one group may be regarded as despicable by another. The honest politician can only undergo a torment of the soul as he seeks a decision that will promote the public interest. Probably Professor Graham's concern is that matters be so arranged that politicians will be compelled to undergo that torment, although at points one gains the impression that he believes that the right answers are plain to him who wishes to see. There are even those who contend that the more or less cynical horse-trading and negotiation characteristic of our irrationally organized Congress, on the whole, yields from the conflict of interests and values decisions of a respectable morality. But there can be no dissent from the conclusion that the problem of morality in politics is "colossal."

The Lock Without a Key

THE CRY IS PEACE. By Louis F. Budenz. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 242 pp. $3.75.

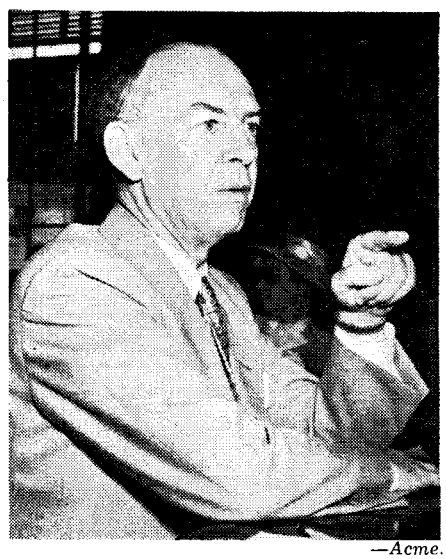
By Oliver Pilat

THE law of diminishing returns affects some ex-Communist experts on Communism. As they recede from their personal role in the conspiracy, they know less, must reconstruct more. The quality of their reconstruction, in turn, depends on analysis, self-discipline, and scholarship.

As an authority on certain aspects of Communism, since his resignation in 1945 as managing editor of the *Daily Worker*, Louis Francis Budenz has rendered his country a considerable service, on the witness stand and in print. His third book on the subject, "The Cry Is Peace," which deviates more than ever from the intimate area of his experiences, turns out to be diffuse, unreliable, and quite dull.

Budenz, now sixty-one, makes a strong indirect case for outlawing the Party, to which he gave his most productive years. He also provides some useful dossiers on individual domestic Communists, in the course of a rather labored argument.

The thesis of his book seems to be that Americans underestimate the conspiratorial strength of Stalinism and overrate Soviet military might. The former may well be true, but Budenz does not prove it. He avoids any close discussion of the indoctrination and development of native spies, a subject on which he should have competence, as a former protégé of Gerhart Eisler. For example, how did the Soviet apparatus in 1938 happen to steer Harry Gold, later an atomic courier, to Budenz's own alma mater, the ultra-respectable Jesuit institution at Cincinnati known as Xavier University, for the chemistry degree which so greatly increased his espionage potential? Gold is not mentioned at all in the book, and the Rosenbergs only once.



—Acme.

Louis F. Budenz—"smog of suspicion."

Budenz presents a few Soviet production figures, without estimating the percentage of production devoted to armament or giving any other signs of competence as a military expert. He insists that everything undertaken by the United States from reliance on the airlift in Berlin to limitations on the war in Korea is based on a false premise, bred of appeasement. He objects to concessions made by the United States to secure Vogeler's release, and he rages over Oatis's continued imprisonment, without suggesting practical alternatives short of war.

"The Cry Is Peace" does not restrict itself to the Soviet peace offensive. It discusses sketchily such subjects as the Institute of Pacific Relations and the Sorge spy ring in Japan, which have been better handled elsewhere. It analyzes investigations of the McCarran committee and the Un-American Activities Committee without showing the scholarship of a Karl Wittfogel or the insight of an Edward Dmytryk.

Budenz generates a smog of suspicion and hate around the most motley group of people—American believers in Constitutional freedoms, New Deal politicians, suspected Communists, liberals, known Communists, fellow-travelers, dissenters, and spies. His chapter heads range from "The Kremlin in the State Department" to "Stalin's Entry into [U.S.] Education."

One trouble with Budenz is that he jumps all over the lot. One minute he is praising J. B. Matthews for whipping the dead horse of Stalinist penetration in the movies. The next he is cheering the Westchester County American Legion for an intemperate assault on Sarah Lawrence College. Budenz throws a red cloak over the respectable National Education Association almost in the same breath that he praises the demagogic Rabbi Schultz. He is continually blurring the lines between organizations and individuals with very different standards, and then running off. In this volume, at least, he doesn't contribute much to understanding of the threat to our institutions posed by Communism.

Oliver Pilat, the author of "The Atom Spies," is a member of the staff of The New York Post.

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Quarrelsome Threesome

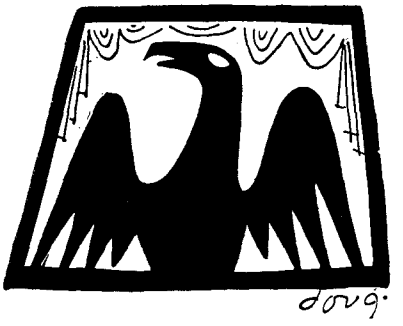
AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY AND THE SEPARATION OF POWERS. By Daniel S. Cheever and H. Field Haviland, Jr. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 244 pp. $3.

PEACE, WAR, AND YOU. By Jerome Davis. New York: Henry Schuman. 282 pp. $3.

By Quincy Howe

IN 1948 Messrs. Cheever and Haviland undertook a research assignment in the field of foreign affairs for the Hoover Commission. Their studies led them to conclude that "the executive-legislative relation is the Achilles heel of United States foreign policy." Most of "American Foreign Policy and the Separation of Powers" consists of a study of our foreign relations during the past fifty years in the light of the perpetual and disastrous conflict between the President and Congress. The authors wind up with two recommendations: "The organization of an executive-legislative advisory committee on foreign policy similar to Secretary Hull's temporary Advisory Committee on Postwar Foreign Policy. This would not be a full-fledged executive-legislative cabinet. It would include leading figures in only the foreign-affairs sphere and would not have the power to bind its members but would be wholly advisory." Second, the authors call for a constitutional amendment that would strip the Senate of its power to ratify or reject any treaty by a two-thirds majority vote and instead make all treaties subject only to majority approval by both Houses of the Congress.

The Cheever-Haviland volume presents a cogent case in terms of facts and logic. But the authors deal only with the means of attaining certain ends. Jerome Davis's "Peace, War, and You" concerns itself only with ends. Writing from the point of view of a consistent and life-long Quaker, Mr. Davis upbraids our foreign policymakers and those who justify that policy to the public. Yet there are Quakers—Whittaker Chambers, Richard Nixon, and Herbert Hoover—who would dissent from some of



Jerome Davis's judgments, not to mention millions of non-Quakers who will challenge his main assumptions. It is not that the non-Quaker majority of Americans are morally unregenerate. The trouble is that only a few consecrated spirits throughout the entire history of the human race have achieved the kind of understanding that Jerome Davis calls for. And in invoking the teachings of Socrates, Jesus, and Gandhi, Jerome Davis leaves even the most sympathetic reader suffering from the same embarrassment that Governor Stevenson's recent tendency to identify himself with Abraham Lincoln also inspires.

Jerome Davis urges us to remember that facts and logic do not determine the behavior of men and nations. It is the interpretation we place upon the facts that matters. We cannot, therefore, ignore what the Russians, the Chinese, the Indians, the British, and a great many other people choose to believe about the Korean War, for example. But Mr. Davis will not persuade many readers to accept this wise advice when he also informs us that "what the United States actually did in Panama may be worse than what we now damn Russia for allegedly doing." Rightly or wrongly, most American readers will regard this as a grotesque distortion of history, and Mr. Davis undermines his own case with his readers by failing to treat American prejudices with at least as much understanding as he would have us show for the prejudices of the Russians.

In view of the long and clear Russian record in Eastern Europe and in view of the much longer, if more obscure, record of conflict in other troubled areas, Mr. Davis's recommendations sound like the musings of an emissary from another planet. He suggests that the United States and the Soviet Union should compose their differences while at the same time urging us to strengthen the United Nations, to promote a more vigorous Point Four Program, and recognize Communist China. His recipe for ending the cold war calls for an amalgam of Gandhi and Machiavelli.

Quincy Howe, associate professor of journalism at the University of Illinois, has just completed the third volume of his book "A World History of Our Own Times." Mr. Howe was formerly a news analyst for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Languid Execution

THE READER'S DIGEST MURDER CASE. By Fulton Oursler. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 412 pp. $3.95.

By Richard B. Morris

FOR some inexplicable reason the late Fulton Oursler chose to turn a first-rate detective story into a dull trial account. As a trial, "The Reader's Digest Murder Case" has little to distinguish itself from the run-of-the-mill sordid homicides. On a drizzly afternoon in April 1950, four armed men held up a *Reader's Digest* truck and killed one of the drivers. Nothing novel about that crime. Even surprise about the outcome was largely lacking as three out of the four accused (one of whom was granted a separate trial) had already confessed. Just why so experienced a writer should have thought that the reader needed to have the entire stenographic trial record is difficult to comprehend, for Fulton Oursler could have told the story far better in his own words.

"The Reader's Digest Murder Case" could have been a superb detective story. Calman Cooper was very smart. He covered up all his tracks. Learning the routine of truck deliveries and bank deposits from a fellow inmate of the Federal Detention House in New York City who had been sent up for filching *Reader's Digest* mail, he planned the crime while still in prison and then persuaded three confederates to join with him. Mail-drop records of the post office gave the first faint lead to Cooper, and after many discouraging twists detectives finally trapped him.

The trial lasted inexcusably long, some eight weeks during which defendant's lawyers kept up a running battle to keep the confessions from the jury on the shopworn ground that they had been extorted by force and threats and browbeat state's witnesses in the customary fashion. The only unexpected moment occurred when one of the defense attorneys, a highly experienced criminal lawyer, referred inadvertently to the criminal record of a defendant. His unpardonable lapse almost caused a mistrial.

The case stands as a burning indictment of present parole practices. Cooper, chief planner of the holdup,

Richard B. Morris is the author of the forthcoming book "Fair Trial: Thirteen Who Were Accused from Anne Hutchinson to Alger Hiss." Professor Morris teaches American history at Columbia University.

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had been sentenced to Atlanta as an auto thief, escaped from prison within a year, was nabbed in a burglary, set free, then convicted of murder in the second degree for his part in a holdup. Sentenced to twenty years, he was paroled though he still had a third of his term to serve. His confederate Harry Stein was a habitual lawbreaker. He escaped the chair when tried for strangling the blonde playgirl Vivian Gordon, but was given twenty-five years for stealing his victim's jewels. Nathan Wissner's record was splotched with assaults, robberies, homicide charges, and other strong-arm jobs.

What Mr. Oursler has to say about the parole system is damning but nonetheless inconclusive. He generalizes from a single case, and presents no evidence to show that such notorious irregularities are typical. Before we set up a cry to abolish this major advance in modern penology we should need statistical data revealing the incidence of recidivism among parolees as compared with those serving out their full sentences. We should need some proof that this case is a representative sampling of parole board carelessness or worse. One thing is true. Unless parole boards exercise intellectual integrity in granting paroles the system is in grave peril. That is the moral of Mr. Oursler's book.

Study of Shame

AFTER THE BIG HOUSE: The Adventures of a Parole Officer. By Fred Berson. New York: Crown Publishers. 238 *pp.* $3.

By Frank O'Leary

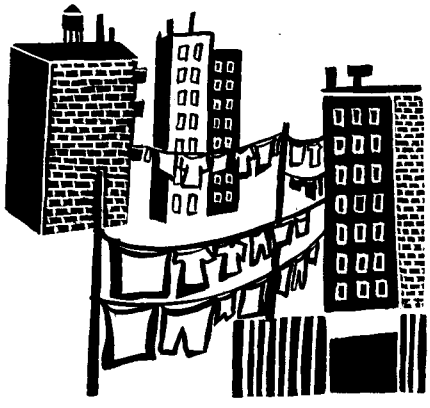
THE PUBLIC is entitled to a responsibly written, balanced volume of interesting case histories of former convicts who have met their parole obligation with varying degrees of success or failure. Those who adjust to society and those who do not should be included in something like a proportion honestly reflecting the adequacy of the system. Mr. Berson's book fails completely to meet this requirement.

From the very outset, the author—a former parole officer dismissed from the service—is rather disingenuous in his pretense that changing names and a few details will conceal the identities of the parolees and the parole agents mentioned. In point of simple fact, any newspaper reader interested in sensational crime reports would have little difficulty in identifying most of the criminals in Mr. Benson's fictionalized case reports. The name-dropping technique employed on the jacket-blurb and in the introduction will serve as a partial check-list.

This reviewer's personal knowledge of more than half of the twenty-two criminal case histories covered in this book has left him with the conviction that the author had his mind on Hollywood, but even the zaniest movie producer won't be impressed. If "The Big House" is conceded to have been a fraudulent depiction of convicts, "After the Big House" will be unanimously recognized as a completely misleading group of impressions of ex-convicts on parole.

Describing himself in his role as a parole officer as "a sort of social worker with a gun," Mr. Berson hits a melodramatic note which he struggles to sustain through 238 very thin pages. His personal animosities toward the New York State Parole Division and some of its members jut out of every chapter. Clearly he cast himself as the hero, the organization which had eased him out as the villain, the parolees as a supporting cast of hopeless knaves and buffoons.

The best case the author can offer in the way of parole adjustment is



that of a pathetic fellow of feeble mind. The ex-con married an elderly prostitute. Abandoning her profession, Mr. Berson reports, she and her "reformed" husband settled down together in an underworld romantic idyl more touching than convincing.

"After the Big House" is so promising a title that it is disappointing to stumble over the shattered opportunities scattered through its pages.

Frank O'Leary is out on parole after having spent twenty-two of his forty-seven years in various prisons. He is the author of "Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo."

The Art of People

PUBLIC RELATIONS. By Edward L. Bernays. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 374 *pp.* $5.

By C. B. Larrabee

WHETHER you like it or not you are being helped in forming a large number of your opinions by a small group of anonymous men and women who call their field of work public relations. They are skilled, immensely painstaking. The best of them are expert students of sociology, psychology, social psychology, anthropology, and even psychiatry. They have great potentialities for good and evil. How these potentialities are used is one of the problems of our American society.

Edward Bernays was a pioneer in the field of modern public relations. He exercised a strong influence in bringing it out of the slick and often unscrupulous areas of free publicity and press agentry with which it is even today too often confused, not only by the public but also by some so-called practitioners of public relations.

With his wife, Doris E. Fleischman, Mr. Bernays has been a consultant in the field since 1919. In 1923 he wrote "Crystallizing Public Opinion," a landmark book for two reasons. Because it was the first book to deal with the scope and relations of the public relations counsel, it set a pattern that has influenced the thinking and actions of all public relations people since 1923. Far more important was its statement of a basic Bernays thesis that "public relations is not a one-way street in which leadership manipulates the public and public opinion. It is a two-way street in which leadership and the public find integration with each other and in which objectives and goals are predicated on a coincidence of public and private interest. At the same time, the counsel in public relations must not forget his obligations to the public as a special pleader."

To Bernays the ideal public relations man has character and integrity. He has acquired a sense of judgment and logic "without having lost the ability to think creatively and imaginatively." Furthermore, "he should be truthful and discreet . . . objective, yet possessed of a deep interest in the solution of problems." He should, Bernays hopes, have intellectual curiosity,

C. B. Larrabee is president and publisher of Printers' Ink, *the magazine of advertising, marketing, and sales.*

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effective powers of analysis and synthesis, and the rare quality of intuition. "With all of these characteristics," adds Bernays, "he should be trained in the social sciences and in the mechanics of public relations."

Obviously, this is the ideal. Bernays admits that he does not exist. But, as he outlines a history of public relations, going back to primitive man (who could have been only dimly aware of the benefits to be enjoyed by his great-grandchildren) and coming up to the present day, the reader is impressed by the number of case histories that fit into the Bernays two-way pattern. Of course, if you are at all familiar with many of the more outstanding cases of public relations in action, you remember how often people calling themselves public relations men have used only one side of the two-way street—and that not the side leading to public benefit.

Although the ideal public relations man and the ideal specifications do not exist, the mere fact of setting up the standards and specifications fixes a goal toward which all public relations can and should aspire. We need such standards. Without them the art or, if you prefer, business of public relations could easily degenerate into the sordid, cynical manipulation of the public mind with which such sinister wizards as Goebbels and his totalitarian colleagues and successors have spread a black curtain of confusion and despair over the minds of hundreds of millions of modern men and women.

It is hopeful that in the capitalistic United States there are a considerable number of management officials who are enlightened enough in their self-interest to realize that there is some close coincidence between their own and the public interest. With so many people eager to prove that American management is Neanderthal in its attitude toward labor and public, it is often difficult to realize how often enlightened management does act on that coincidence. One of the values of "Public Relations" is that it emphasizes this encouraging fact.

Unhappily, far too many public relations men do not follow Bernays in his thinking. Nor are all companies enlightened enough to see the basic rightness of the Bernays thesis. So the public and those concerned with the public interest need to be on the watch against those who would pervert the skills that Bernays exalts. Fortunately, as he shows by case histories in "Public Relations," there is a growing number of public relations counselors who understand that their importance as interpreters of the public to management often transcends

(*Continued on page 29*)

Music & The Dance. You will find general agreement that in the evolution of music the present period is one of transition. But transition to what? At this point agreement dissolves. Some maintain that music is headed in the direction of Schoenberg and his "twelve-tone" idiom. Some are convinced that the way of the future has been indicated by Stravinsky. Most of us are frankly at sea; caught in an eddy of conflicting currents, we can acknowledge the power of each but cannot ascertain which is dominant. Perhaps it is this lack of pattern that has discouraged writers from surveying the history of twentieth-century music. Whatever the reason, the pickings are few. A recent attempt by an English critic is reviewed below; unfortunately, it is written from too specialized a viewpoint to be entirely reliable. . . . Modern ballet has been more adequately chronicled. One of the latest entries is John Martin's "World Book of Modern Ballet" (page 19). But for a new perspective, turn to an Englishman's discussion of the only Afro-American "art-form"—"Jazz" (page 18).

"Queen of the Arts"

MUSICAL TRENDS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Norman Demuth. New York: Macmillan Co. 359 pp. $7.

By Rudolph Reti

IF a few thousand years hence scholars trying to piece together some idea of the musical characteristics of our time were, through some curious circumstance, to hit upon this book as the only source of reference, what a picture would unfold before their avid eyes! They would learn that in the twentieth century there were essentially only two countries blessed with the genius of music: England and France. Of course, numerous countries around these two were filled with musical fervor, but their endeavor would seem to have remained in scarcely more than an embryonic stage without ever producing great art. Still more remarkable, they would find that in the nineteenth century the situation was but little different. For even on the book's first page it is stated that "French music led European thought in some respect for the greater part of the nineteenth century" and that "it was a French composer, Hector Berlioz, who carried music on from the pleasantries of Haydn and Mozart to the 'Symphonie Fantastique' "—obviously implying the "pleasantries" of the "Jupiter" Symphony and the like. (A certain Beethoven would seem to have been a rather insignificant fellow, as his name is not even mentioned in this connection.)

As to England, speaking about a work by Arnold Bax, for instance, Mr. Demuth "doubts that Bach at his most inspired and greatest moments is any more impressive and touching than this."

Nonetheless, there are sections of interest in Demuth's study. If his musical horizon revolves a bit too closely around such centers as the Royal Academy, the Paris Conservatoire, and people and events close by, what he has to say about this orbit is often vivid and to the point. His account of the impact which Erik Satie and "Les Six" exerted on French esthetic tenets, though by no means new to the student of modern music, revives the vibrant excitement with which musical France was once filled.

Impressive and almost profound are Demuth's remarks on Debussy, when he draws this composer's destiny as torn between two equally strong impulses: to introduce the new style on which his historic importance and contemporary reputation were cen-

Rudolph Reti, composer, critic, author of "The Thematic Process in Music," was one of the founders of the International Society for Contemporary Music.

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tered, and to write, against his own theory, unequivocally constructive music. What Mr. Demuth, in this reviewer's opinion, apprehends less is the fact that Debussy's towering greatness grew from the blending of these two seemingly antagonistic forces, even though they might have added a touch of "frustration," as Demuth infers, to his biographical portrait.

Passages of interest are also found in the description of the English panorama (where the author's knowledge of personal influences and stylistic cross-currents is naturally most intimate) and—though to a lesser degree—in the evaluation of Schoenberg and his school.

But whatever happens outside the Paris-London setting, or is not at least "legalized" there, appears, according to this book, either insignificant or nonexistent. Its cursory treatment of American music as being "in its twentieth-century adolescence," together with a consoling pat-on-the-shoulder ("America is avid for learning"), may have been justified twenty-five years ago. Today it not only betrays utter misunderstanding of the various creative directions towards which American music radiates but actual lack of knowledge of newer literature.

Such a disposition to distort, indeed to insult, characterizes Demuth's whole presentation in almost all instances outside his specific realm. By so doing he unfortunately, and unnecessarily, lessens the strength of his own argument—such as in his evaluation of Strauss, Hindemith, and others, where fine esthetic and technical observations are completely depreciated by unbearably offensive interpolations. Was personal or national resentment also the reason that composers as important in the century's picture as De Falla, Szymanowski, and Prokofiev are not even mentioned?

Perhaps this volume is illuminating for its very faults. An inclination to see one's own orbit magnified and the foreign realm reduced is a natural human tendency. Carried to the extreme as here, it shows the ridiculousness and, more important, the ineffectiveness of such an endeavor. The renascence that brought French music, with one or two other schools, to its present supreme position, and the re-entrance of English music as an equal competitor in the international arena, are events which musical minds everywhere watched with the greatest interest and admiration. Yet the nature and fascinating aspects of these phenomena would have been brought home more convincingly in a less vengeful, less unrealistic presentation.

Dark Continent Transplant

JAZZ. By Rex Harris. Baltimore: Penguin Books. 224 pp. 35¢.

By Bill Simons

REX Harris, an optician by trade, is perhaps Britain's most militant jazz aficionado. He is prominent in a fairly large claque crusading for the appreciation and promulgation of the primitive, "purist," or "New Orleans" jazz, a folk expression as evanescent as the sociological factors that determined its growth in the first two decades of our century. His book offers little new information to the faithful who, like Mr. Harris, have devoured the available literature by Messrs. Blesh, Blackstone, Ramsey, Lomax, Smith, etc.—most of which is characterized by its bias toward the limited New Orleans school. Much of his information is the usual batch of conjecture and hearsay on which several American jazz journals have subsisted since the middle Thirties. There are, for example, evaluations and comparisons of jazz pioneers who died before the advent of jazz recording, and whom the author could hardly have heard "in the flesh."

Mr. Harris has borrowed prodigiously and wisely. His chapters on the origins of jazz are spiced with poignant and humorous quotations from old blues lyrics, and with the disc-recorded reflections of that late great jazz pioneer and fantasist, Jelly Roll Morton. This salty material, plus accounts of the general and specific romanticism attendant on the birth of jazz in sinful, polyglot New Orleans, justifies the price of the volume to the curious. It is, however, directed primarily at the British neophyte. The author lists a great number of recordings for illustrational purposes—for the most part jazz gems long deleted from American catalogues, but available in England thanks to the organized efforts of Mr. Harris and his dedicated brethren of the British jazz clubs.

Mr. Harris strenuously avoids technical explanation. Consequently his chapter on "The Influence of Jazz Upon Modern Composers" is sketchy and even confusing. He accords the jazz avant-garde, or "bop" movement, no consideration whatsoever, but is relatively tolerant of such "swing" practitioners as Duke Ellington and Benny Goodman. He concedes that these men attain musical moments of beauty and inventiveness, but charges them with accepting the influence of European orthodoxy and consequently exorcising the jazz spirit.

Considerable importance is attached to the recent New Orleans "Renaissance," which strikes many of us as a tempest in a teapot. Mr. Harris's "Renaissance" pertains to the reactivation of a handful of survivors from the "classic period," principally the late cornetist Bunk Johnson and the trombonist Kid Ory, and to a flock of British non-professionals who imitate the old recordings. The author's claim that fame and fortune attended the rediscovery of these men and their art is, I regret, exaggerated. Union scale for a recording date (four sides) is $41.25 per man, double for the leader. Most of the recordings made by these jazz men were for small labels, few of whom could or would pay more than scale. And Bunk Johnson's heralded return from the rice fields did not exactly make his promoters wealthy. Old Bunk got himself a new set of teeth and a cornet out of the deal, but his New York engagement at the Stuyvesant Casino on the lower East Side was somewhat less than a financial bonanza. Bunk, for several months, proved an interesting curio with his remarkably pure tone and persistent drive, but it's doubtful that he ever exerted any influence on jazz music after 1910.

The world that gave birth to Mr. Harris's very special brand of jazz no longer exists. We suspect that many of the young musicians who, with Mr. Harris's blessing, attempt to emulate the old-timers are attracted solely by the simplicity of the idiom. True, in "modern" improvisation there is a great deal that is exhibitionism and virtuosity for its own sake. But it is also true that there has never been more invention. Jazz has grown along with other manifestations of our home-grown culture. Mr. Harris's definition of the term would deny such growth.

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—From "World Book of Modern Ballet."

Janet Reed and The New York City Ballet in "Cakewalk"—"kaleidoscopic images."

A World of Sound & Muscle

WORLD BOOK OF MODERN BALLET. By John Martin. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. 191 pp. $6.

By Rosalyn Krokover

CALMLY and analytically, John Martin presents a kaleidoscopic series of images that cover sections of the ballet world from the immediate post-Diaghilev era to what is going on today. But the publishers surely have come up with a champion of a misleading title in "World Book of Modern Ballet." The "World" part stems from the publisher's name. "Modern" is a poor term to use in connection with ballet; "contemporary" was indicated. With "ballet" there can be no cavil.

The fact is that Mr. Martin, who, has been *The New York Times* dance critic for twenty-five years, and is America's leading choreographic journalist, has written a book that is sharply limited in coverage. He has concentrated on the major ballet companies that have appeared in America —the two Russian ballets, Ballet Theatre, and the New York City Ballet Company. Other organizations appear, but in the briefest of mentions, while only a few pages are devoted to ballet in London and even fewer to a mention of affairs in Paris.

What Mr. Martin discusses, he discusses fairly, critically, and with the authority that is behind his years of looking, listening, analyzing, and writing. His *modus operandi* here is to sketch the significance of the leading companies and then describe the leading works in their repertoire. Description, in this case, also involves an appreciation. Mr. Martin's high appreciation of certain ballets is exceeded only by his low opinion of others, and he never hesitates to put himself on record.

He writes well, with a wonderful avoidance of many of the joy-words that creep into the critical jargon of so many of his contemporaries. Not once, for instance, does he use the word "kinesthetic"; and the other portentously technical terms are severely absent.

Mr. Martin may have an amount of critical one-sidedness—no more than any other writer in any field—but he, of nearly all the dance specialists, is unique in his ability to see what the ad boys call the Big Picture. He can juxtapose a Balanchine and a Tudor in normal perspective, acutely summing up the accomplishments of the two leading choreographic figures in the world today without taking sides. His outline of Fokine and Massine, and what they stand for; his estimate of the American school; his study of the forces that led to the breakdown of the Monte Carlo Ballet and of Ballet Theatre—all this is set forth with clarity and understanding.

In the process he throws out a few ideas highly at variance with those of established choreology (to coin a word; music has its musicology, but what has ballet?). "Intrinsically the ballet is not an expressive medium and was never intended to be." Or, "It began not as an artistic spectacle but as the means of personal development." The professors will groan. Occasionally there are suggestions that the book was rather hastily written. The organization is not what it might be, and some of the ideas might have been thought out a little better.

And when Mr. Martin discusses music he once or twice says some astonishing things. One can do no more than disagree with his estimate of Bizet's Symphony in C as "of slight substance, inordinately prolix and repetitious"; but when he states that Mozart (of all composers!) "rarely touches any great depths of emotional profundity," one must come out fighting.

The many illustrations (some in color) are well chosen. But when will the author be represented in a book with more Martin and less pictures—a thoughtful book that will sum up the esthetics and philosophy of the dance that Mr. Martin is so well equipped to offer?

Rosalyn Krokover is dance editor of the Musical Courier.

Dance Notes

THE CLASSIC BALLET. By Muriel Stuart. Illustrations by Carlus Dyer. Knopf. $6. In recent years several texts on the technique of classic ballet have been published, but none as thorough or elaborate as this. Naturally one is not going to learn ballet dancing through this book, or any book; the laws of ballet techniques are too intricate and exacting. As a supplement to classroom work, however, "The Classic Ballet" should prove an invaluable aid to all students and teacher, for not only are basic technique and terminology treated in a logical, clear manner, but also—what is even more important—a detailed, illustrated analysis of posture and muscular control is presented.

Muriel Stuart, an instructor at the American School of Ballet and the last protégé of Anna Pavlova, took four years to compile this work. Her Collaborator, Carlus Dyer, has furnished 156 pages of illustrations to accompany every movement. Because of variance of terminology, terms used by various theorists—Cecchetti, Vaganova, Nicolaeva-Legat—are incorporated into the text. Stylistically, Miss Stuart leans toward the Franco-

(*Continued on page* 66)

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Max Is Eighty

ALAN DENT

ON the day when Sir Max Beerbohm was seventy, I arranged —although it was the height of wartime in London—a convocation of seventy distinguished admirers calling themselves the Maxmilian Society. The chair was taken by Desmond MacCarthy, and the assembly was addressed by the Master himself.

On the day when he was seventy-five, I made a solitary pilgrimage into Gloucestershire to lunch with him and Lady Beerbohm in a charming little country house where they were staying just before leaving again for their beloved Italy, after a war-enforced exile in England. We washed down baby roast lamb with claret and chatted cosily of this and that, and especially of Lord Byron. Max remarked that he would draw no more, and would write only a little more. And the autumn sun glowed in the mellow valley beneath our windows.

On the day when he was seventy-seven, the Maxmilians sent to him the same number of bottles of vintage claret, burgundy, and cognac. From all accounts, visitors from England drank a good deal of this birthday offering.

On a hot day in June of the present year—when Max becomes eighty—I paid my first visit to the famous villa at Rapallo. (I am human enough for the notion to have crossed my mind that I might taste the lees of one of those bottles. But a steady flow of friends and interviewers in the interim had left not even lees.)

Sir Max became a widower in 1951, but an old friend of the family, Elisabeth Jungmann, tends him carefully and kindly. I found him distinctly older and frailer since our last meeting four years ago; but in less than two minutes it enchanted me to find his mental vigor, his gaiety, his lambent wit absolutely unimpaired.

It was eleven in the morning when I arrived, and the great man had yet to appear for the day. I awaited him in his study, a perfectly square little room, three yards either way, perched on the roof of his villa and commanding a classic view of the Mediterranean. Those walls were lined with books to middle height; the space above was painted a deep, deep blue to the ceiling, which was dazzling white. There were a very few Nineties drawings, and there was a twelve-inch-tall marble bust of Queen Marie Antoinette—laughing, elegant, proud. But it was, of course, the books that fascinated me most. The majority were inscribed gifts from their authors. One I opened before my host arrived was "A Shropshire Lad" of Housman, and in Max's own hand in the flyleaf was written this characteristic parody:

And now, lad, all is over
Twixt you, your love, and the clover;
    So keep a stiff upper-lip.
And shrink not, lad, nor shiver,
But walk you down to the river
    And take your final dip.

In the thrill of meeting Max again, I quite forgot to tell him I had taken the liberty of copying this apocryphal stanza. But I somehow opine that he will not greatly mind.

Both before and after luncheon we browsed together over his books, and he seemed to take pleasure in rediscovering things written in them by himself or the authors that he had half-forgotten about. Walter Pater's "Miscellaneous Studies" was inscribed, "For Max Beerbohm *ingenioso et audaci*—Walter Pater—Oxford 1891." This was the earliest he showed me. But authors right down to the present day, whether overweening or weening, would seem to have sent to Max proud copies of their books with reverent inscriptions, and he would seem to have kept the best of them. For some of these volumes he has redesigned a title page, or added a caricature of the author, or even inserted illustrations of his own—imaginative and usually mordant. To the Pater book, at the end, he had added Some Opinions of the Press, and he read this out to me, each one with a chuckle. With any accuracy I can recall only that "The Wigan Remembrances" declared the book to have been "at once a scourge and a purge," and that *The Manchester Guardian* was supposed to liken it to "Thor's hammer on Vulcan's anvil."

WE had a delicious open-air luncheon under a trellis of vines —hot hors d'oeuvres, roast veal with zucchini blossoms, strawberries and cream, and copious draughts of the local excellent *vino rosso*. I had meant to ask him many things, but forgot them all in listening to his gay, unwearied observations on any topic that swam into our mutual ken. It might be Marie Corelli: "She was kind but rather common, don't you know!" (He says "Don't you know!" a good deal—a near-obsolete practice which, as Max intones it, may be taken to mean: "I think you will appreciate my meaning best if I phrase it exactly thus!") Do I have to ex-

—*Kaye Webb.*

Sir Max Beerbohm: ". . . walk you down to the river/And take your final dip."

Alan Dent is drama critic for the London News Chronicle. *Sir Max Beerbohm celebrated his eightieth birthday on August 24.*

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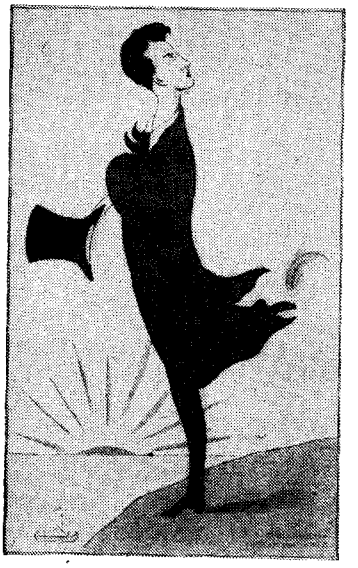
plain, incidentally, that Marie Corelli was a sentimental novelist who crowned herself Queen of Stratford-on-Avon? Of her again Max remarked: "Her definition of a pessimist was—anyone who did not like her unduly!" He talked delightfully, too, of the old music-hall in London, very particularly of Marie Lloyd and Harry Lauder, but as I made no immediate note of his phrases then I decline to recast them in recollection.

Of Bernard Shaw he observed: "He was at home only on a platform." Shaw, he said, used to have a curious habit when talking to one of twirling his fingers up and down behind his ears—the fingers of both hands at once. "They used to remind me," he said, "of white mice on wires." Mrs. Shaw he described as "so much easier to be at ease with." He recollected an occasion more than forty years ago when he lunched with the Shaws, the other guest being Mark Twain: "It was a most pleasant gathering except that GBS excused himself at the end of luncheon to keep an appointment with—of all people—a dentist!" Mark Twain charmed Max not only with his conversation, but also with his Southern charm, his beautiful hands, and "his benign blue eyes." A much later acquaintance of GBS was Gene Tunney, the boxer. Max declared himself scared to meet Tunney, so much had he heard of his muscularity. All the more startled, therefore, was he to find that Tunney was a man of brain as well as brawn: "One had positively to restrain oneself when talking to him. He was an object lesson in reticence and quietness—when GBS and I were about!"



Lord Byron shaking England's dust from his feet.

William Wordsworth and "Gentle Lucy."

—*By Max Beerbohm, from the New York Public Library Picture Collection.*

Browning taking tea with the Browning Society.

MAX praised the old-fashioned Pinero when I tried to turn to the new-fashioned playwrights. He was such a craftsman, as well as such a provider of opportunities for expressive acting. "He not only gave you the good wine, but a good goblet to drink it from," said Max in so many words. Of Mrs. Patrick Campbell he observed that there were two distinct sides to that great actress when one encountered her offstage. One side he found a shade pompous and social. Mimicking her famous booming voice, he said: "That side of her lived for her Art and for the Aristocracy, don't you know!" That was the English side of Mrs. Campbell. "But," he said, "there was a delicious Italian side to her as well, in which she was far more natural and amusing."

He talked pointedly, too, of a few of our contemporaries. He said of another venerable and much-visited celebrity: "He makes the mistakes of being acidly witty about people who have been kind enough to visit him. This is not wise, since you come away with the impression that he will be acidly witty about you in turn." Other things he said about other contemporaries, but they shall not be reproduced here. One's sense of decorum is sharpened when one lunches with Max. One becomes aware that one should hardly have been asked if one were totally lacking in such a sense.

He showed a little—but only a little—curiosity about the current London stage. Do they still turn the best blank verse into the best prose? he asked. And what do they teach at Gower Street (the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art)? And what do they learn there? Of the modern way of living in general he deplored the almost complete passing of the institution of Family Life. "Evenings at home in my young days," he said, "could be perfectly agreeable. Members of the same family could practise conversation—with or without music." And then, very quietly indeed, he added: "They might even come to know one another." He showed, as always, a kind uncle's interest in my own career, present and future. He asked about the rest of my holiday. Florence, ah Florence! And Venice, too. Florence I should find to be the most *poetical* of all cities. And Venice I should perceive to be not an earthly city at all, but the fulfilment of a dream.

I left, agreeing to return the following day. But I excused myself next morning by telephone since I had not the courage to say adieu. In my actual parting I noticed a certain seriousness in that face which almost consistently wears an ironic smile. It is fairly obvious that Max thinks one's adoration of him intelligent, or at least amusing. Just for an off-guard moment he seemed to be thinking it was rather touching as well.

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The Saturday Review

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The Tide Is Turned

IT is difficult to prove that a trend in the literature of a country which for more than a decade has reflected the negative opinions of writers who had lived through the years of the Depression and a second world war has finally lost its momentum and waits motionless for a turn in the tide. Since American creative writing has inevitably become one of the means by which other nations gauge our motives and our ability to continue to dominate by our resources and productivity half of the population of the earth, it is necessary to examine what our writers have offered that might give some assurance to the Western World.

Aside from Faulkner, Hemingway, Marquand, and a few other proven older novelists, the writers who emerged from the war or who surveyed from Rome, Paris, or London the coasts and inland cities and villages of this country have presented a dismal picture of Americans at war or in peace. The most memorable chapter of one of our best war novels, John Horne Burns's "The Gallery," was the Army venereal ward in Naples; while Norman Mailer's popular novel, "The Naked and the Dead," led its readers to believe that American officers commanding the attack on the Japanese Army holding a Pacific island were not aware that the enemy was helpless from starvation and lack of supplies. Its principal characters were stupid and bemused commanders, or vicious bootlickers tainted with homosexuality.

Retreating from the theme of a war in which, as it was viewed by our novelists, it was incredible that we should have been victorious, this school of writers proceeded to examine the United States. It has always been profitable to portray in fiction the people of sections of this country as vicious, sex-ridden, and sadistic. We know and lament our faults; and through the novels of writers like Erskine Caldwell and younger traducers of our country other nations, including Russia, have been aware of them, too. Nevertheless, over a period of five years more Negroes were lynched or tortured in our novels and more Jews were insulted than in the whole wretched and long history of American racial discrimination. There were of course valorous and honest books like Lillian Smith's "Strange Fruit" and Laura Hobson's "Gentleman's Agreement," which have fulfilled the admirable purpose of their authors. It finally came to such a pass that the writer of this editorial was asked by a young writer what theme he should take up next. In three books he had exhausted the most obvious sins of American society, and yet he was too virile to emulate the thinly disguised homosexual and sadistic novels which competed with his more or less honest attempts at sensationalism.

Surely no other country that the outer world was observing has been more bedeviled by the malice of its minor novelists. Granting that it had been proved to them that the further they went the more books would be sold, it seems incredible in this sober year of 1952 that we once welcomed only a short time ago Paul Bowles's story of the man whose tongue was pulled out by the roots and amputated, or the horrifying tale of the heroine of Tennessee Williams's "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," a sedate, retired Julia Marlowe, who in her early fifties became a nymphomaniac and threw the key to her room to a starving and filthy beggar in a Roman street.

TO THE protest of the modern novelist that it is impossible to write successfully of happy people there is only one answer. Happiness is a state of euphoria which no philosopher or reasonable person accepts as a static condition in life. Nevertheless, ephemeral and personal as it is, it balances the supreme tragedy of life, the fact that we are born to die. It is the nobility and the courage with which men and women throughout the world accept and cherish their moments of happiness and yet accept their own fate and the death of those they love that is the center and heart of literature. It is not a theme that can be dismissed by the serious novelist as jejune and unworthy of his talents. It is the inhumanity of our younger writers, the cold deliberation with which they dissect the body of American society that betrays them. They have no pity, and they refuse to look beyond the façade of despair and fear they have erected.

The world has passed them by, for few of these writers of misery and calamity have understood the incredible regenerative powers of human beings, or the virility and vitality of the American people. Except as they may entertain or shock us they are already out of date and will be regarded by literary historians of the future as a reflection of a neurotic state of mind which for a brief time the public accepted as evidence of talent or even genius. They have denied that love exists and in doing so are condemned to sterility. The facts of life today are stark enough. It will require the courage and compassion of other writers to use them as the themes for an enduring literature.

—H. S.

The Wind

By David McCord

WIND in the garden,
Wind on the hill,
Wind I-am-blowing,
Never be still.

Wind I-am-blowing,
I love you the best:
Out of the morning,
Into the west.

Out of the morning,
Washed in the blue,
Wind I-am-blowing,
Where are you?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Mushroomed Prophet

▶ I CAN BELIEVE every fact presented by Mr. Soby in his article on the "Prophetic Painter" [*SR* July 5], and I am happy to note that he allows a similar premonition to people in more prosaic walks of life.

One of the most astonishing examples of the kind of prophecy illustrated in Mr. Soby's drawing occurred in my own experience in connection with that most vital of human activities: I refer to the art of cooking. On a certain memorable day, some years ago, my wife found growing in our yard four mushrooms of the Campus Agr. variety. These she prepared and served, two to each of us.

Now comes the overwhelming evidence of forewarning! Exactly one year, three months, eleven days, and twenty-six minutes later the first atomic bomb was dropped! The mushroom-like appearance of the bomb explosion has been remarked everywhere; there could be no mistake: two mushrooms apiece, two bombs; what is more logical and more mathematically equal?

To add to the "coincidence" there were two plates of mushrooms at that eventful meal. The reference to World War II is inescapable!

For the edification of your readers, I can easily send a photograph or a drawing of an authenticated mushroom.

GEORGE R. STIBITZ.

Burlington, Vt.

Ought We?

▶ DO YOU THINK you ought to publish criticisms of an article as good as "The Third Man" which were written by people who never got the author's drift?

MARY MCENNERY ERHARD.

Swansea, Miss.

Now Man Sees

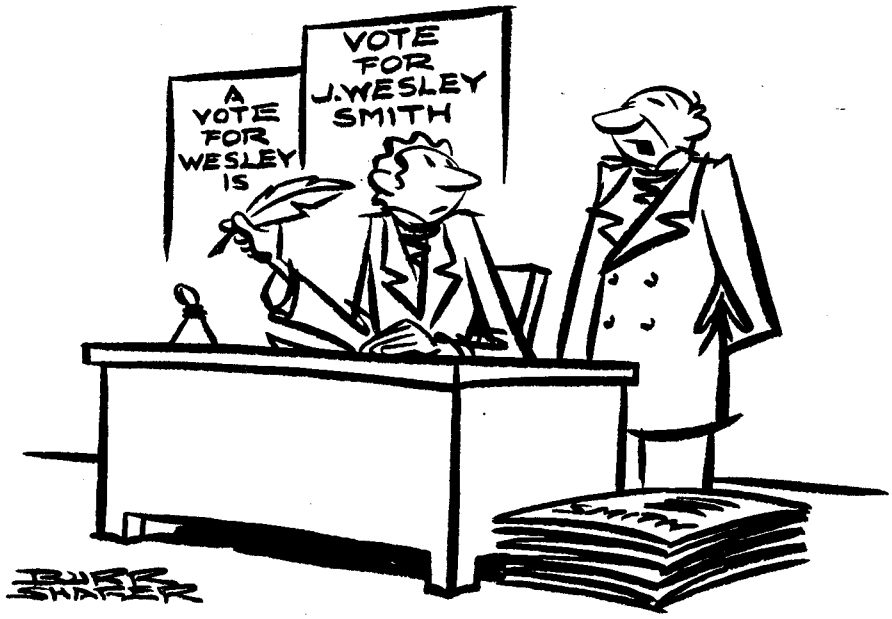
▶ THERE IS SOME TRUTH in Mowrer's article "The Third Man" [SR July 5]. That truth is that human life is threatened on the animal side by physical violence and fulfilled on the psychical side by spiritual escape. There are no nations of Number One and Number Two citizens, however.

The cruelty of an authoritarian despotism always seeks to justify itself by an equally extreme escape fantasy. Societies which allow the most personal freedom are ones which require the least propaganda rationalization. Although society itself is organized for security against violence, a free society cannot embark on a program of 100 per cent physical security without losing freedom. Freedom and security are complementary in society.

Human personality similarly partakes of the opposites of realism on one hand and imagination on the other. The fusion of the two in life produces ethics. Mr. Mowrer's Number Three man is ethical man. For this man there is no process of manufacture as he seems to suggest. The glory of human history is man's pride in proclaiming that whereas he was born blind now he sees. The power of ethics is that while establishing man's soul on the one hand in "the mind's internal heaven" it compels him on the other to answer the needs of his neighbor and if necessary give his life for his friends.

DAVID GRAY EDWARDS.

Concord, Calif.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I want to insult him just enough to hurt—but not enough so he'll challenge me to a duel."

Neighborly Down-Easters

▶ I KNOW THAT I SPEAK for many persons when I say that I am concerned, and saddened, by the suspicion and general ill will with which some Canadians have come to view us here in the United States during the past decade.

A case in point is L. L. L. Golden's review of the book "Canada and the United States" [*SR* Aug. 2]: "Too often Canada is either ignored by Americans or thought of simply as another state of the Union. As long as these habits persist, so long will there be annoyances and friction between two nations where there need be none," he says.

Maine people will be puzzled as to what Americans Mr. Golden has in mind.

Here in Maine our northern neighbors are the peoples of New Brunswick and Quebec. We live in mutual respect, admiration, and affection. To us they are a staunch, courageous, intelligent, friendly people.

We have no wish for the United States to annex Canada; indeed there have been times when we thought that we would be better off if Canada annexed us.

Certainly the people Mr. Golden speaks of do not come from the rank and file of the citizens of either country. Enough of this unseemly bickering between two friends of such long standing.

EARLE DOUCETTE.

Augusta, Me.

Approval & Hope

▶ LAURELS TO JOHN MASON BROWN for his superb account of the Democratic Convention in Chicago [*SR* Aug. 9], by far the finest report that I have read in any newspaper or magazine.

I am one of your readers who hopes to see *The Saturday Review* come out for Adlai Stevenson one of these days.

HELEN SWEET.

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Number of Votes

▶ WHY DO WRITERS on political campaigns persist in making such pointless points as Whitney Balliett makes in his review of Mary Dillon's "Wendell Willkie" [*SR* July 19] when he says—quite accurately but quite irrelevantly—that Mr. Willkie, in the campaign of 1940, got "the largest number [of votes] ever received by any defeated Presidential candidate"? Obviously, the mere number, apart from its relation to the whole number cast, is nothing but a function of the national population. In the years to come, other unsuccessful candidates will doubtless get more votes than Mr. Willkie, and it will mean just as much, and just as little, as that Mr. Willkie got more votes than any of his predecessors in defeat.

JOHN W. CLARK.

Minneapolis, Minn.

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SR Goes to the Movies

IT'S ONLY MONEY

—*From "You for Me."*

Jane Greer eviscerating Peter Lawford—"a strong antidote."

THE PRODUCERS of films, for all their well-documented acumen, are sometimes hard to understand. Here is a little M-G-M picture which rejoices in the title of "You for Me" and stars such of yesterday's teen-age favorites as Peter Lawford, Jane Greer, and Gig Young (or is it day before yesterday's?). These attractions, with exploitation to match, would hardly draw an adult to see it, unless he happened to catch it on the lower half of a double bill, which is where it will inevitably land up. Presumably, then, its title and its advertising are aimed at the bobby-sox detractors of "The Red Badge of Courage" (but won't the presence of yesterday's favorites be the kiss of death?). Yet it is hard to think of a current film which could provide a pleasanter evening for the superannuated moviegoer, meaning all beyond the age of twenty. In short, once again a good picture will probably fail to reach its natural public because of faulty presentation.

Never dangerously far from romantic formula, "You for Me" persistently chips away at the foundations of formula itself. It presents the most non-altruistic group of characters I can ever remember seeing in "sympathetic" roles. Miss Greer is a nurse so worn down by private and professional frustrations that she insults patients on the operating table—but any hospital would be the better for having her around. Mr. Young is a doctor whom the script correctly describes as "abrasive"; when his sweetheart asks him for a thousand dollars to help her family out of a bad jam he curtly tells her that it's taken him five years to save the thousand to further his education and, dammit, that's what it's going to be spent for. Best of all, Peter Lawford is a handsome, amiable, and intelligent millionaire who glories in being rich and is determined to part with no penny of his wealth unless for value received. When his gold-digging wife demands three hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock in his corporation as the price of a divorce, he gives her the stock, then devalues it. Without making a production of anything, this picture is a strong antidote to the notion that money does not bring happiness, and to such sacrosanct institutions as Mother ("Oh, I forgot! Mother sends her love." "Collect, no doubt.") It presents, also, my favorite character of the season in the person of Prince, an aged, spoiled, and disagreeable dog, so unlike Lassie as to suggest that they belong to different species. I think you'll like Prince.

* * *

Having been canonized as "Monsieur Vincent" and martyred as the sacristan in "God Needs Men," Pierre Fresnay now invades the secular realms of science as Fabre, the nineteenth-century entomologist. "The Amazing Monsieur Fabre" is a reasonable facsimile of Paul Muni's "The Story of Louis Pasteur," except for the fact that it was filmed in France, and in both French and English versions. The same French actors play in both—which results in the English version in an amazing variety of accents if no particular conviction. The picture's other novelty is a series of interpolated scenes of insect life, expertly photographed by Horace Woodard, who made "The Adventures of Chico" and the Struggle to Live Series of naturalist films. These scenes are excellent and they alone support the film's carefully cultivated pretensions to Uplift. Otherwise it is a theatrical set-piece, a chance for M. Fresnay to age and age and change his clothes and address artfully simple speeches to Napoleon III, Eugénie, and John Stuart Mill. The staginess of his scenes with Mill is beyond the telling. His performance is somehow less suggestive of Mr. Muni's biographical impersonations than of Miss Anna Neagle as Victoria the Great, Florence Nightingale, and other mythological figures.

* * *

Since—until the inevitable merger—television is fair game for Hollywood, it is not surprising that the movies have taken to satirizing it. What is a bit odd, considering the wealth of material available, is that they focus their satire on the films which feed television's insatiable maw, *vide* "Calloway Went Thataway" and now "Dreamboat." In this Clifton Webb is a professor whose otherwise blameless past conceals a stint as a silent movie hero. The revival of his films on TV revives also his vogue as a matinee idol, disturbs the college's board of trustees, and leaves its president, Elsa Lanchester, in a state of permanent ambivalence, torn twixt love

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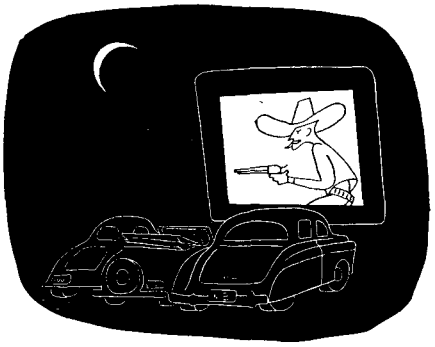
and duty. Claude Binyon, who wrote and directed, does not seem to have been able to resolve all this, and resorts to a gimmick to round it off, but up to the end the invention



is exceedingly fresh, especially Miss Lanchester's amorous yearnings for her shopworn hero. The ancient films are brilliantly burlesqued. Mr. Webb is seen as a flying ace of World War I, as a freebooter of the Foreign Legion, as a Fairbanksian musketeer, and—peace to his manes—as a character mighty lak Doug's own Zorro. Ginger Rogers, black-coiffed and swooning, is his fair vis-a-vis, as we used to say in reviews in those days.

—RICHARD GRIFFITH.

SR Recommends

You for Me: Reviewed in this issue.

The Quiet Man: John Ford goes back to the Old Sod to discover the loves and sports of Irishmen. (*SR* Aug. 23.)

The Big Sky: An engrossing and highly scenic screen adaptation of A. B. Guthrie Jr.'s novel. (*SR* Aug. 16.)

Son of Paleface: Bob Hope in a "wild man" film reminiscent of Keaton and Lloyd. (*SR* Aug. 9.)

Ivanhoe: A somewhat denatured but still splendiferous mounting of Scott's Norman-Saxon classic. (*SR* Aug. 2.)

Carrie: An absorbing match with Laurence Olivier's talent combating his lack of verisimilitude in Dreiser's part. (*SR* July 12.)

High Noon: A very superior Western crowded with atmosphere and foreboding. (*SR* July 5.)

Under the Paris Sky: Some "snatch-of-life" episodes welded by Duvivier into a pictorially vivid apotheosis of Paris. (*SR* May 24.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Walk East on Beacon: An admirably detailed filming of counter-espionage in the USA, made with the cooperation of the FBI. (*SR* Apr. 19.)

Singin' in the Rain: Gene Kelly in a nostalgic spoofing of the early talkies. (*SR* Apr. 12.)

Encore: Another trio of Maugham short stories turned into an engaging film. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

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TV and Radio

IT'S NO JOKE

MY schizophrenic career, as critic for this magazine and comedy writer for the two mediums I am supposed to criticize, has made my life no bed of neuroses. Fortunately, being the weak, penurious character I am, I have been able to vacillate easily between the two jobs with barely a qualm or a twinge, one day bemoaning the low state of television comedy, the next day proving it by writing something for it.

So far I have been able to disassociate myself from the one job while doing the other. Until today. Today I come before you garbed in my George-jeans to criticize the critics who criticize the comedy they see on television. Not so much the professional critics who have columns in which they can answer back, but I refer to the average viewers, of whom television has created critics by the tens of thousands.

The mystery of electronics or cobalt or even just plain Con Edison still baffles the average viewer as he sits before his television set and permits himself a fleeting moment to wonder at the marvel which transmits moving pictures into his living room. (We'll get back to that in a few minutes.) But when it comes to the comedy he's listening to—everyone is an expert, a critic, and a writer.

Each has his own style of critique. My barber will tell me "the jokes had whiskers." The waiter: "Let me give you a tip—get some new jokes." My tailor: "Material was no good." And a housewife once wrote: "I sat there expecting the jokes." (An erudite, professional critic put it that way too about a big show [lower case] which I was writing last season—only his wording was, "The comedy is predictable." He was invited to come over to the office Monday morning and we told him he could save us seven days of hard work if he would predict the comedy we were going to write for the week. He didn't show.)

There is something about a joke after it has been worked on, reworded, finished, polished, and delivered which very often makes it sound as though it is the very joke the average listener *knew* was coming. This not only applies to the average listener but to the performer for whom the comedy writer creates. I cite the case of a fine actor and a charming gentleman, by name George Sanders, of the movies, who was guest star on the show.

In writing for this talented fellow the writers of the show found that the joke most successful to establish his character was the short sentence—the shorter the better, and a one-word joke was sure of a big laugh. One morning Mr. Sanders wandered quietly into the joke factory where the writers were at work on next week's script and they had reached an impasse. They had set up a straight line for the star of the show. She was going to say: "George, I envy you. You have so many talents. You are a movie actor, a stage actor, you sing, you play the piano, and you compose music; you paint; I understand you own a factory which turns out lampshades that you design, and I've just heard you've invented a camera which the Army is considering buying. How do you DO all these things!"

Now all that was needed was the answer from Mr. Sanders. The writers had pondered and filled up several sheets of scratch paper searching for the line when in wandered Mr. Sanders. We told him our problem and he graciously consented to help us out of our dilemma. He sat down and went into deep thought for some time. Finally, he gave it up and strolling from the room said: "I'm sure you gentlemen will come through as efficiently as you always do. Chins up!" And he was away.

Later that day the joke was arrived at. When the star of the show would enumerate all his talents and wonder "How do you DO all these things!" Mr. Sanders would quietly reply, "Superbly." I know you all had the answer before this—isn't it just what you had expected? When Mr. Sanders was shown the answer the following day he glanced around at the writers and quietly said: "But of course." It had taken more than an hour to fashion this "yak," but now that it was down on paper it seemed the only natural and "predictable" thing that he would say.

THE average listener in his home playing both the role of audience and critic marked that down as an old joke, I'm sure. Television viewers who have become so satiated with jokes night after night begin to feel they know all the answers, and voice their criticisms loudly and often. They even criticize the medium from a technical angle. I cite the case of a bartender into whose place of business I wandered one afternoon and the television set was tuned to the ball game about to be telecast.

It was "Star Spangled Banner" time and the players and umpires were seen standing at attention facing the flag, but the sound on the set was off completely. I called it to the attention of the bartender.

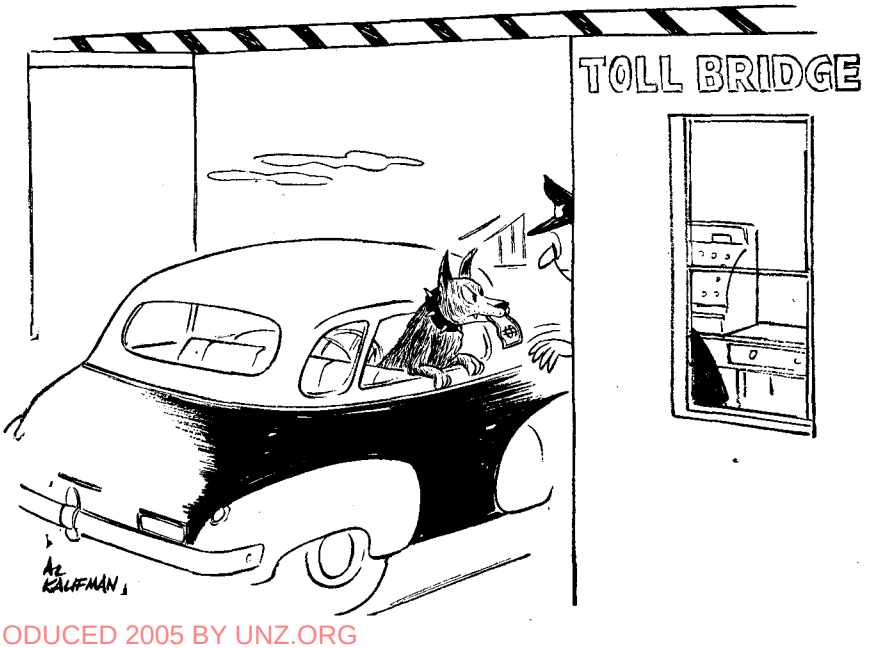
"What's the matter with your set?"

He wandered over, looked up at all the players standing frozen in their tracks, thought a moment, and went over and hit the side of the set with his fist. As he struck the blow the anthem was finished and the players moved to their positions for the first inning.

"I'll be darned," he said. "That's the first time it ever did that!"

In his critical mind something inside the set had caught the players in a grip and had been holding them there motionless.

—GOODMAN ACE.



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Music to My Ears

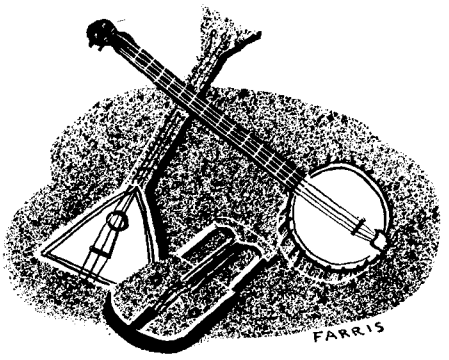
NIGHT AT THE BOWL—THE MACHINE MEETS ITS MATCH

Los Angeles.

IN H. G. WELLS'S prophetic "The Shape of Things to Come" we are told that the airmen of the world will band together sometime around 1960 A. D., the Wellsian assumption being that if the fliers control the means of man's destruction, they can also determine man's survival. Thanks to self-guided missiles and radio-controlled robots, that formula for world peace is already *passé*, but it is time that someone got after the airmen while they are pushing their short-lived predominance to the breaking point. It could reasonably be the musicians who, since they control the means of man's recreation, should tell the airmen where they get off—preferably fifteen miles in every direction (including up) from any music-making.

An otherwise idyllic August evening in the Hollywood Bowl was marred, if not ruined, recently by the kind of "blind" flying that has come into vogue of late. The pilot was not flying, in the old phrase, by "the seat of his pants," but by the seats for which the audience had paid considerable (if only fairly good) money. The pleasant obbligato of crickets and tree toads to Wilfred Pelletier's able conducting of the Beethoven Seventh Symphony was rudely shattered by an unseen but none the less audible multi-motor job. A New Yorker could only conclude that he had wandered afar in vain if the distractions assumed to be local to the Lewisohn Stadium on Amsterdam Avenue pursued him equally to Aspen in Colorado and the Bowl in California.

However, the struggle of science versus nature was not resolved wholly to man's disadvantage. Beethoven's delicately adjusted orchestration was blotched and maculated by the invisible intruder, but the machine more than met its match in the stunning sonority of sound Leonard Warren poured into the amphitheatre. The celebrated acoustic of the Bowl begins within the concentric circles reflecting, like a gigantic oyster shell, the sound created before it. The pulsating waves are reinforced and strengthened by contact with the sloping hillside on which the audience sits. Standing at the foot of the slope and projecting his potent voice ahead, Warren was much in the situation of a trumpet player blowing into a megaphone. I could



barely make out his features from where I sat, a hundred yards away, but the texture and force of the tone that reached the ear was both undistorted and unmistakable.

This was all accomplished without a wisp of amplification, in pursuance of the policy instituted by Alfred Wallenstein, now in his second season as music director of the Bowl concerts. My audition was attended by unusually favorable conditions—not only a suitably cool night, but also a desirably dry one. Thus, the detail of the low bass strings and high woodwind passages came through with amazing definition and proportion. I may say for conductor Pelletier that his Beethoven was appreciably more acute than any performances of Bizet, Gounod, Delibes, or Massenet I have heard him conduct at the Metropolitan Opera in a dozen seasons.

Warren's work was all fervor and order, beginning with Handel's "Ombra mai fu" and progressing through excerpts from "Falstaff" ("E sogno") and "Otello" ("Credo") to more ordinary samplings of "Faust" ("Avant de quitter"), "Pagliacci" ("Prologo"), and "Il Barbiere" ("Largo al factotum"). Not only musically but vocally this built down from a notably high beginning point. Surely there is baritone material available which would satify the needs of such an occasion without permitting the initial exhibitions of (so to speak) vocal weight-lifting to dwindle off into mere calisthenics.

To judge from its performance on this occasion, the Los Angeles Philharmonic is a good-to-fine orchestra, well-trained and responsive, with more virtue in the strings than in the woodwinds or brass. For reasons I wouldn't attempt to analyze, the double basses and cello sounded particularly strong where I sat. These are assets of fundamental virtue for any symphonic organization. On the other hand, the brass did not seem to have either the exuberance or the muscular resource one would expect with so large a population to draw upon as Los Angeles provides.

Though the Bowl is as far away from Lewisohn Stadium in New York as the coast lines permit, it appears to share a technical and economical problem identified with summertime music-making in other large cities, such as Philadelphia and Chicago. That is the soaring response to programs of frank popular appeal—Gershwin, Rodgers and Hammerstein, and Romberg evenings.

This seems to me a development neither surprising nor alarming. There are, to begin with, more people to draw upon for the one than the other. In the second place, the tastes of the discriminating are better served by a first-class recording of a Beethoven symphony than a second-rate live performance further devalued by passing airplanes, inequalities of temperature, transportation difficulties, and the like. The honest attitude would be to recognize that these are ventures largely justified by the weeks of employment they provide for the players. To contend that a musical audience cannot find its summertime fill of Beethoven and Brahms, Schumann and Strauss otherwise is to ignore the manifest facts of the phonograph and radio. —Irving Kolodin.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 480

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 480 will be found in the next issue.

RP ART RYE GPYBCPH DT

HNEYFBPP ANDRTLD OPNCF

HNEYFBPPYOGP RYE

HNESTKPBPH DRP QTED

KYGLYOGP EPSBPD TW Y

HNXGTQYD. OPBD

PYEDYOBTTZ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 479

Only a mediocre writer is always at his best.
—W. Somerset Maugham.

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SR's World Calendar

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Cultural, folklore, musical, scientific, trade, dramatic, and sporting events of unusual interest are shown for the countries listed during October, November, and December. Asterisks indicate the ten top events in this month's calendar.*

Brazil

PILGRIMAGE *(Oct. 5, 12, 19, 26, Rio de Janeiro):* Annual tribute to Our Lady of the Rock at Penha (Rock), a suburb of Rio. Carnival usually follows.
INDEPENDENCE DAY *(Nov. 15, nationwide):* Anniversary of bloodless revolution in 1889, marked by parades, speeches.

Britain

TOSCANINI *(Oct. 1, London):* Last of three concerts in which Arturo Toscanini conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra in Royal Festival Hall.
FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE *(Oct. 6-10, Cheltenham):* Authors' lecture; plays and poetry read; books exhibited. All in Town Hall.
*NATIONAL GAELIC MOD *(Oct. 7-10, Rothesay, Scotland):* Choirs, soloists from all parts of Scotland take part. More than 1,500 entrants.
RACING: *(Newmarket, Oct. 14-17. Cesarewitch Stakes on 15th; Houghton Meeting, Newmarket, Oct. 28-31. Cambridgeshire Stakes on 29th; Manchester, Nov. 13-15. November Handicap on 15th).*
*INTERNATIONAL DANCE FESTIVAL *(Oct. 20-25, London):* Folk dancers from all over participate in Royal Albert Hall.
CONCERTS: *(Royal Albert Hall, London, Oct. 25; Nov. 4; Dec. 6. Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, London, Oct. 26; Nov. 2, 6, 9, 23, 24, 28; Dec. 2, 5, 7, 9, 11, 18).*
LORD MAYOR'S SHOW *(Nov. 10, London):* Traditional colorful parade through Old London to mark the Lord Mayor's inauguration.
BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS *(Dec. 19-Jan. 31, London):* Annual show at Olympia.
CHELSEA ARTS BALL *(Dec. 31, London):* At Royal Albert Hall.

Canada

FALL FAIR *(Oct. 3, 4, Vancouver, B.C.):* Sponsored by the Vancouver Horticultural Society.
PLOWING MATCH *(Oct. 7, 8, Bridgetown, N.S.):* Provincial contest.
*FAIR *(Oct. 15-19, Montreal):* Canadian Food Exposition.
FAIR *(Oct. 28-Nov. 1, Ottawa):* Ottawa Winter Fair.
DOG SHOW *(Nov. 7, 8, Victoria, B.C.):* Vancouver Island Dog Fanciers' show.
FAIR *(Nov. 14-22, Toronto):* Royal Winter Fair.
FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP *(Nov. 29, Toronto):* Grey Cup Match, Canadian final, at Varsity Stadium.
CHEESE EXHIBITION *(Dec. 2, 3, Belleville, Ont.):* British Empire annual display.

France

*FOUNTAIN DISPLAY *(Oct. 5, Versailles):* Final show of the season in famous gardens.
GASTRONOMICAL FAIR *(Oct. 31-Nov. 16, Dijon):* France's famous foods on display. Sample tent sometimes a feature.
RACING: *(Auteuil race course, Paris: Grand prix d'automne, Nov. 2; Prix Montgomery steeplechase, Nov. 9; Prix Richard Hennessy, Nov. 16; Prix La Haye-Jousselin, Nov. 23; Grand Prix for 3-yr.-olds, Nov. 30).*
DRAMA, DANCING *(Nov. 12-29, Charbonnieres):* Annual festival.
WINE FESTIVAL *(Nov. 17-19, Nuits-Saint-Georges, Beaune, and Meursault):* Celebrations glorify native Burgundy wine. Banquets, auctions, samples.
FAIR *(Dec. 7-23, Strasbourg):* Yearly Christmastime exhibition.
RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION *(Dec. 8, Lourdes):* Festival of the Immaculate Conception.
CHRISTMAS EVE OBSERVANCE *(Dec. 24, Perouges).*
MIDNIGHT MASS *(Dec. 24, Les Baux):* Religious service in ancient church.

Aloha Week

THE old Hawaiian custom of *makahiki* (thanksgiving)—a time for hula dancing and the presentation of gifts to local chiefs after the crops have been harvested—was the inspiration for Hawaii's first annual Aloha Week in October 1948. The festival was launched by civic leaders who wanted to preserve the old ways and also attract visitors. Since then Aloha Week has become one of Hawaii's major tourist attractions as well as one of the world's more colorful carnivals.

This year the celebration will be staged Oct. 13-18. Principal attractions will include an International Pageant in which the music and dances of at least a dozen races which inhabit the islands will be featured on Oct. 15; mass hula dancing by several hundred Hawaiians on Oct. 16; an Oriental-flavored Lantern Parade with dozens of brightly clad Chinese, Hawaiian, Japanese, Korean, and Samoan girls carrying lights and escorting floats on Oct. 17, and a *hukilau* (fishing festival or Hawaiian-style picnic) climaxed by a *luau* (native feast) at noon, Oct. 18. The celebration will close with the Aloha Week Ball, a formal social event to which the old-time residents will wear *holokus* (Hawaiian gowns) and other costumes remindful of the days when royalty ruled the islands.

—R. M., JR.

Hawaii

REGATTA *(Oct. 5-12, Honolulu):* Invitational boat races.
CONCERTS *(Oct. 7, 12, 21; Nov. 7, 16, 18, 28, Honolulu):* Honolulu Symphony Orchestra at McKinley Auditorium.
FAIR *(Oct. 9-12, Maui):* Maui County exhibition.
*ALOHA WEEK *(Oct. 13-18, islandwide):* (See box.)
HUKILAU *(Oct. 18, Nov. 15, Laie Beach):* Fishing party. Huge net used to surround school of fish.
BOAT RACE *(Oct. 30, Honolulu-Lahaina, Maui).*
ARMISTICE DAY *(Nov. 11, Honolulu):* Parades, at Wahiawa and other island cities, too.
SANTA CLAUS PARADE *(Nov. 28, Honolulu):* Procession in downtown area opens Christmas season.
PAGEANT, SINGING *(Dec. 24, Honolulu):* Main celebration at Iolani Palace.
SURFING DAY *(Dec. 25, Honolulu):* Outrigger canoe races a Christmas Day feature.

Italy

MUSIC *(Oct.-Nov., Milan):* Fall concert season at La Scala Theatre.
*ART SHOW *(Oct. 1-19, Venice):* Closing weeks of 26th International Biennial Art Show.
DRAMA *(Oct. 1-5, Venice):* The 13th International Theatre Festival.
MUSIC CONTESTS *(Oct. 15-31, Vercelli):* Third international music, singing contests.
OPERA, CONCERTS *(Nov., Palermo):* Fall season at the Politeama.
HANDICRAFT SHOW *(Nov. 1-30, Milan):* Fourth national show, contest for artistic handicrafts. Mosaics, textiles.
CONGRESS *(Nov. 2-9, Rome):* Thirteenth World Congress of Skal Clubs.
"PRESEPI" EXHIBITION-FAIR *(Dec., Naples):* Display, sale of Christmas cribs.
PIGEON SHOOTING *(Dec. 1-8, San Remo):* International contest; prizes worth 15 million lire (about $25,000).
OPERA SEASON *(Late in December):* La Scala, Milan; Rome Opera, Rome; San Carlo, Naples.

Japan

O-ESHIKI FESTIVAL *(Oct. 12, Tokyo):* Festivities at Hommon-ji Temple.
KENKA MATSURI *(Oct. 15, Himeji):* Religious procession in vicinity of Kobe.
PARADE *(Oct. 17, Nikko):* Procession at Toshogu Shrine, main streets.
JIDAI MATSURI *(Oct. 22, Kyoto):* Historical procession in Japan's ancient capital.
CULTURE DAY *(Nov. 3, nationwide):* Folk dancing, athletic events. Big celebration at Imperial Plaza, Tokyo.
SHICHI-GO-SAN *(Nov. 15, all shrines):* Annual pilgrimage by children 3, 5, 7 years old.
TOSHI-NO-ICHI *(Dec. 14, shrines, temples):* Year-end Fair. Bamboo rakes featured.

Mexico

JAI-ALAI *(Nightly except Monday, Mexico City):* Basque-type handball at Fronton, Mexico.
FIESTA *(Oct. 10-12, Tlacolula, State of Oaxaca):* Celebration ends at Santa Maria del Tule. Both towns on road to Mitla ruins.
FAIR *(Oct. 15-23, Ciudad Guzman, State of Jalisco):* Religious ceremonies, processions, folk dances.
ALL SAINTS' DAY *(Nov. 1, nationwide):* Tribute to dead, often observed with picnics at cemeteries.
FEAST OF GUADALUPE *(Dec. 12, nationwide):* Patroness of Mexico honored with religious dances, processions.
POSADAS *(Dec. 16-24, nationwide):* Latin version of journey of Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem.
NATIVITY PLAYS *(Christmastime, nationwide):* Traditional Christmas celebration featuring Pageant of the Shepherds.

Portugal

*PILGRIMAGE *(Oct. 12, 13, Fatima):* Second of two annual pilgrimages to Shrine of Our Lady of Fatima.
AUTO RACE *(Oct. 19, Lisbon):* Grand Prix by Automobile Club of Portugal.
FAIR *(Nov. 8, Golega):* St. Martin's annual regional fair.
NEW YEAR'S EVE *(Dec. 31, Funchal):* St. Silvester's festivities capped by gigantic fireworks display at midnight.

Spain

BULL FIGHTS: *Soria, Oct. 2; Zafra, Oct. 4; Saragossa, Oct. 11-18* (attracts some of the country's top fighters); *Jaen, Oct. 17.* Usually closes Spanish season.
PATRIOTIC PROCESSION *(Oct. 9, Valencia):* Anniversary of reconquest of city.
*RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL *(Oct. 11-18, Saragossa):* Grand general rosary, folklore rally, meeting of giants, dwarfs, fireworks.
MOTOR RACE *(Oct. 26, Barcelona):* Twelfth Grand Prix Rhin; 9th Barcelona Cup.
OPERA *(Nov. 25-Feb. 8, Barcelona):* Opening of opera season at Teatro del Liceo.
RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION *(Dec. 12, Guadalupe):* Honors Our Lady of Guadalupe.
SACRED MUSIC CONCERT *(Dec. 24, Montserrat):* Famous for music by choir of young boys.
BATTLE ANNIVERSARY *(Dec. 31, Palma de Mallorca):* Festival marks reconquest of Palma.

Sweden

NOBEL PRIZES *(Dec. 10, Stockholm):* Scientific, literary prizes given here. Peace prize bestowed in Oslo, Norway.
ST. LUCIA DAY *(Dec. 13, nationwide):* Queen of Light Day features parties where young girl wears crown of lighted candles.

Switzerland

CONCERTS *(October, Montreux):* Seventh annual season of symphonic music.
MUSIC CONTESTS *(Oct. 1-5, Geneva):* International competitions for musicians.
*AMERICAN ART, MUSIC WEEKS *(Oct. 11-21, Basel):* Works of Americans featured in exhibits, at museums, in the theatre.

Yugoslavia

*MUSIC CONTESTS *(Oct. 19-26, Sarajevo):* Competitions for Yugoslav pianists, singers, violinists.
HOCKEY *(Nov. 30, Belgrad):* Finals for national championship.

—ROBERT MEYER, JR.

Further information about these or other overseas events may be obtained by writing World Calendar, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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THE U.S.A.

(*Continued from page* 17)

their importance as interpreters of management to the public.

"Public Relations" as a book has one unhappy weakness. Its first part, apparently written with this book in mind, is a carefully knit history of public relations. The second part is a collection of miscellaneous articles and lectures, not always well related to each other in the first part. One value of the second part, however, is its exposition of the value of public relations to education, philanthropy, and government.

In spite of its structural weakness, however, "Public Relations" is an excellent description of what sound public relations practice is and what it could be. Anyone who wishes to get an understanding of a very important phase of our present maze of communication will find it skilfully and often brilliantly explained in this book.

U. S. A. Notes

ROOSEVELT AND DANIELS. Edited by Carroll Kilpatrick. University of North Carolina Press. $3.50. For more than thirty years Josephus Daniels and Franklin D. Roosevelt were personal and political friends. Most of their letters—intelligent inside comments on American politics from the Wilson era to 1945—have been brought together in this book. Mr. Kilpatrick's editorial passages are sufficient but never burdensome.

When Daniels became Secretary of the Navy under Wilson, he asked the thirty-one-year-old New Yorker to be his assistant secretary. Like his distant cousin Theodore when he had held the same position, Assistant Secretary Franklin Roosevelt was cocksure, lacking in humility, and insistent upon doing things his own way and immediately. He became impatient with the slower-moving North Carolina editor and contemptuous of his "idealistic nonsense." "I am *running* the real work, although Josephus is here!," he wrote Mrs. Roosevelt. "He is bewildered by it all, very sweet but very sad!" FDR bullied the Secretary: "Do *please* get through two vital things *today*." But Daniels was patient, and Roosevelt came to appreciate his political wisdom.

In the Republican Twenties the letters between "Dear Chief" and "My dear Franklin" discussed ways and means of restoring purpose and vigor to their aimless, dispirited party. In good spirit, the correspondents joked about their differences on the prohibition issue. The "dry" and Methodist Daniels, back in Raleigh editing his newspaper, did what he could in 1928 for FDR's "happy warrior," Al Smith—and in 1932, with much more enthusiasm, for "My dear Franklin" himself.

As a "shirt-sleeve" ambassador to Mexico from 1933 to 1942, Daniels continued to give good counsel and applauded New Deal policies. He and Roosevelt lamented the growing conservatism of the Big Business press and of old Wilsonians. "The older I grow the more militantly radical I become," Daniels wrote. But he never considered himself old, and at seventy-seven he asked Roosevelt, quite seriously, for a second appointment as Secretary of the Navy. He didn't get the job, but he outlived the President. As the vigorous editor of the *Raleigh News and Observer* until his death in 1948, just before his eighty-sixth birthday, he was the youngest octogenarian in the Democratic party.

—J. Merton England.

ECONOMY IN THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT. By Paul H. Douglas. University of Chicago Press. $3.75. What Senator Douglas has to say on Governmental expenditure in the United States is terribly urgent. Taking the same general position as other economists such as Colin Clark, Mr. Douglas holds that the present rate of America's public spending (about 25 per cent of the entire national income) is as high as it can safely be permitted to go. But a higher rate of spending is forecast, and "it is undoubtedly true that we are fast approaching, if we have not already reached, the ceiling for a non-total-war period."

Never a business conservative, the Senator from Illinois places the blame squarely on "the warfare world" and not on the welfare state. Soviet Communism, not the American liberal, makes continued high-level public budgets inevitable. From this unhappy situation he offers not the slightest hope of escape in the immediate future. All American citizens can do is to scrutinize infinitely more carefully than they have been used to doing the facts and figures about their national budget, and take action to reduce and eliminate flagrant waste.

This Mr. Douglas has been doing now for some time. Here he reports on what he has found out about it all. The report makes fascinating and sickening reading. Abuse after abuse in the civil service and the armed forces is revealed. Over-staffing, log-rolling, unreasonable subsidies benefiting special interests, above all, fantastic mismanagement and waste in the military establishment, not to mention corruption—all these things are responsible for soaking the people and endangering the country's economic stability. To all this is added a melancholy tale of tax evasions and legally sanctified loopholes in the present system of tax collection, to the point where he is led to conclude that "we have started upon the French road."

No brief summary can do justice to the cogency of Senator Douglas's arguments. His book contains tables and diagrams which appear irrefutably damning. But throughout, the tone is for the most part moderate, the approach scholarly and fair. Exception might perhaps be taken to his overly-sharp criticism of the State Department, but the general documentation is excellent. The description of the drawing-up of the national budget will be of considerable interest to the layman. The suggestions for cut-backs in wasteful practices are concrete; something unusual in a Presidential year. In every way, the gentleman from Illinois offers the American people a sensible, forthright, and honest appraisal of the state of their vast and strained economic effort. It is to be hoped that a great many of them will listen to him. It is probably too much to hope that very many will do anything about it, but we do hope so.

—John C. Cairns.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 12)

of Delta plantation life in the early years of this century. Ann is the daughter of the title. She had been on her way to being an artist in Chicago when circumstances and her own sense of loyalty and responsibility forced her to return to the family plantation and take over its management. This turned out to be a pretty big job, complicated by her own falling in love and by the irresponsible doings of her mother, who seemed to be having an affair with the newly arrived Doctor Benton. It's just about at this point, with the situation all set up and the characters believably etched in, that plot complications in the form of some nasty work on the part of Doctor Benton, lover's misunderstandings and idiotically witheld confidences, and a wild skirmish with voodoo begin to clutter up the place. In the end the personal tangles are straightened out, the evil doers are routed, the Negro croppers are back at work, the crop is picked, and the plantation saved.

Her plot troubles apart, Mrs. Crump has a nice feeling for characters and an even nicer feeling for her Delta setting. She also brings in some thoughts on the economic condition of the South, and on the social and economic status of the Negro which, while not novel, add some solidity to her offering.

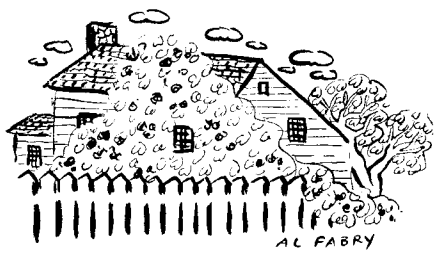
JUST ONE CAT. By Asa Wilgus. A. A. Wyn. $2.50. Aleurophiles should have a field day with this sentimental little number about an aging Maine sea captain, his wife, and their cat. The cat is of course the chief character, and if Mr. Wilgus shows a disconcerting weakness for making anthropomorphic excursions into the animal's mind, no true cat lover will object. In general, the author has kept his touch light and avoided the deeper pitfalls of sentimentality. He hasn't, however, avoided all of them and has included a rather heavy dose of folk myth about cat instinct in winding up his tale. You had better be pretty sure that your feeling about cats is positive to a point approaching veneration before you tackle this one.

MIRACLE FATHER. By Francis Sylvia. Metcalf Assoc. $3. For the first third of this novel the authors (a writing team) engage fairly successfully in setting up a situation of considerable dramatic promise. Allegra and Donald are a comfortably married couple who have now come to the decision that it is time for a child. Nothing happens. When it is discovered that not Allegra but Donald is the sterile one, the problem arises: what shall they do? A little too quickly they arrive at the solution of artificial insemination, and decide upon it. But how will Donald react? What will their relationship be like afterwards—towards the child, towards each other? Unfortunately if their aim was to answer these questions the authors miss by a mile. Donald becomes irritable, but so shallowly is his irritability explored that for all you know it might have been caused by soggy sandwiches in his lunch box. Allegra almost gets herself involved in a rather unbelievable love affair but nothing ever comes of it. The resolution is happy but slapdash. The authors are frequently effective in individual scenes, but they would have had a better novel if they'd devoted as much time to working out the solution of the problem they set up as they did to setting it up.

THE MOUNTAINS HAVE NO SHADOW. By Owen Cameron. Harper. $2.75. Like the ranch-type house, the Western story has been acquiring some new features that may seem a little strange to those used to the thundering horse operas of an earlier day. The story of this one is, in broad outlines, standard enough. Jeff Clark, returning to his Far-West home territory to settle down with his wife and kids, finds himself at odds with some dour characters who have been stealing his water. When one of them is killed, Jeff is falsely accused of the murder, flees into the mountains, is hunted through much of the book until in the end the real murderer is discovered and everyone settles down more or less happily.

The additions are of particular interest: Mr. Cameron has brought to his tale a careful skill in writing and characterization and some more than usually searching observations on group psychology. He has also delved —perhaps a little too superficially— into the regions of abnormal psychology to find motives for his villains. If such things bother you, you can disregard them for the suspenseful manhunt tale he has provided. But they do give more body than is customary.

BLESSING OF THE HOUNDS. By Alexandra Phillips. Dutton. $3.50. Fox-hunting Virginia is the setting for this latter-day romance, though there is less fox-hunting and more soul-searching than you might expect from the title. Most of the characters have sufficient money and leisure to be able to do a great deal of this but the only one who does so seriously is



Fritz Marlin. A world-famed columnist, with a journalistic capacity to earn thousands a weeks, Fritz has gotten tired of it all, wants to settle down in a beautiful home he is remodeling and write novels. Will he? Or will his love for beautiful Gogo Amblis get him off the track? Gogo isn't one of the rich ones, nor too involved in the fox-hunting, but she has so much family background that she has long known she must marry great wealth. And she doesn't mean earned income, which she recognizes is very unstable. But all Fritz has is earned income. Dilemma. Miss Phillips resolves it with the aid of a hunting accident in which Gogo is partially crippled, a flood that wipes out a number of secondary characters, and a few other plot devices which help straighten out the thinking of Fritz and Gogo. It's all written with skill and seriousness and the plot tricks are less obvious than might appear from this. They're there, though.

SCOLLAY SQUARE. By Pearl Schiff. Rinehart. $3. Sex is the inevitable and pervasive theme of this fast-paced novel of girls on the loose and sailors on the prowl. Some of the girls are prostitutes, all of them are lonely and in search of escape from a drab world, most of them are looking for love as well as recreation. Miss Schiff's two heroines, Beth and Emily, find it in Scollay Square but not until after the recreation has led them into plenty of trouble and near tragedy. Beth is improbably the daughter of wealth and refinement who stumbles into the hectic gaiety of Scollay Square, gets caught up in a quick liaison with the wise sailor Jerry, who knows what he wants and doesn't want anything more, and finally wins through to understanding of herself and true love. Emily is the daughter of the slums who almost sinks to the prostitute level like her doomed sister, but who also wins through to love and understanding. The girls are not very solidly drawn, the boys even less so; but the atmosphere is thickly realistic, smelly, and sordid, the dialogue authentic, the action fast. Not for the squeamish, though I doubt Miss Schiff's intentions were as sensational as her product.

—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

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COLLISION WITH THE PARTY LINE

(*Continued from page 8*)

of "anti-Soviet elements." Olesha's answer was the answer of any honest writer. An artist's relations with good and evil are profoundly complex. In bringing to life an evil, malevolent, or decadent character, all the evil and malevolence and decadence in the writer are released and, for artistic purposes, permitted temporarily to predominate. A true writer, while he may interpret his characters according to certain standards of social morality, must sympathize with all of them.

Poor Babel, and poor Olesha, relics of artistic purity in an impure world! But they did not seem to be swimming against the current of general opinion at the Congress. There was Bukharin himself, who had succeeded Lenin as World Communism's leading ideologue, author of the authoritative "Historical Materialism," co-founder with Stalin of the concept of "Socialism in one country," editor of *Izvestia*, Bukharin, *the* intellectual of Soviet Communism, delivering a heartening-ly liberal survey of Soviet poetry. His criticism of sloganized Communist verse masquerading as poetry was such a bombshell to orthodox poets like Demyan, Bedny, Bezymensky, and others that they rose and stalked out of the hall in protest. Bukharin's irreverence even extended to Mayakovsky, whose disillusionment and suicide in 1930 had not prevented his becoming the virtual poet-laureate. Bukharin ventured even further from orthodoxy when he praised Boris Pasternak, Russia's finest living poet, whose avoidance of topical subject matter and whose interest in technical experimentation made him anathema to the Party-minded versifiers. "Mayakovsky's poor relations," Bukharin mocked them.

As I write these lines I see myself through a prism of time containing within itself a number of images at odd angles to each other. There is the nineteen-year-old enthusiast applauding Gorky and Bukharin and Babel. And there is the young writer, only a few years later, embroiled in a literary conflict with the American guardians of "Socialist Realism"—a pale and distant reflection of the ordeal Olesha, Babel, Pilnyak, Pasternak, and hundreds of others were to suffer. Concerned here with the tortured esthetics of Stalin's Russia and their personal effect on me, there is little opportunity to analyze the process of development by which I came to identify myself with the Communists in the middle Thirties. Eloquent surveyors of disillusion—Silone, Gide, Spender, Wright, Dos Passos, Malraux, Koestler, to name only a few—already have probed at length the political, spiritual, and emotional appeal of Communism, particularly in its persuasive but abortive anti-Fascist period.

Returning from the Soviet Union to college, and then to Hollywood, I joined a Marxist study class that gradually and unceremoniously evolved into a Communist youth group. Although I had hired out as an apprentice screenwriter, my predominant interest was writing fiction. One of my first efforts after leaving college was a novelette called "Passport to Nowhere," published in the magazine *Story*. While it was embellished with some of the Popular Front phrases of the day, my narrative concerned the individual, frustrate struggle of a young Polish Jew who escapes a pogrom and yearns for a homeland. My Communist friends were disconcerted. Where were my convictions? My faith in the masses? In this new age of proletarian literature, it was time I cured myself of "individualism" and other reactionary habits of thought. But I wasn't a reactionary, I argued. I was just a young writer trying to follow the inner logic of his characters. For better or worse, they were nearly all concerned with individual defeat, with men who succumb to forces and currents beyond their control. While I continued to share with these young Communists a hatred of Fascism and of economic privilege (following Litvinov abroad, FDR at home) there was increasing tension regarding my work.

As a member in good standing of my generation's left-wing, I paid my respects to Steinbeck and Farrell, the literary gods of the Popular Front. But I was a literary "deviationist." The bulk of our so-called proletarian literature offended me as self-conscious, bloodless, and written from the outside. The work of Fitzgerald and O'Hara appealed to me as more artistically and more truly reflective of American mores.

A SHORT story of mine entitled "What Makes Sammy Run?" was considered a downward step, a failure to "develop politically." My story was "destructive," "individualistic," "pessimistic," etc. Some time later, I suggested leaving the youth group, at least temporarily, so as to have full time to try a novel. Novels were fine, I was told, so long as they helped create a clearer understanding of social issues: "Our novel must be a social weapon," someone threw in the inevitable quote from Lenin or Stalin, or maybe—if he had not yet become "a counter-revolutionary spy"—Karl Radek. I said I wasn't particularly concerned with any political message in my novel. All I knew was that I had an overwhelming urge to extend and develop "What Makes Sammy Run?"

—*Burck in* The Chicago Times.

"Moscow Merry-go-round."

Group-members exchanged well-disciplined looks of disapproval. Before I began such a novel, I was told, I had better submit an outline, on the basis of which there would be a group discussion. I said I did not believe novels could be written that way. In that case, they insisted, I would have to consult higher authorities before they could excuse me from attending meetings. I suffered from an un-Marxist conception of literature, they warned; I was gravely lacking in social responsibility. But then, as now, I had an abiding faith in one's own creative impulses. Writing must be from the inside out, the direct, personal experience of the author, let ideological chips fall where they may. Sincerity, passion, honest observation, *any* conception so long as it is one's own and gives unity to the work—these qualities would outweigh a bushel of solemn tracts on Socialist Realism and the social responsibilities of the novelist.

The social responsibility of the novelist is to write with all the integrity of which he is capable the experience he most deeply feels. It is when he fails to do this that he also fails in social responsibility.

Driven by this conviction, I cut my-

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self off from my Communist associates, withdrawing both from the group and Hollywood itself. The following year I lived in Vermont, free to choose my own theme and my own town, a world removed from the Averbachs and the Zhdanovs and their doctrine of "You Write as I Please."

When I had completed my manuscript, I submitted it directly to my publishers; they liked what they read and offered me a contract. I enjoyed freedom of movement, pen, and publication. I do not think I am indulging in melodramatics if I invoke a comparison between this easy victory over would-be cultural commissars in America and the systematic violence used by actual Soviet commissars on Russian writers who dare assert their independence and individuality. Such books as Jelagin's "Taming of the Arts" and Gleb Struve's comprehensive "Soviet Russian Literature 1917-1950" are the most recent additions to a growing bibliography of authentic accounts of artists-in-uniform.

For a Soviet writer to buck official criticism or to withdraw from the Party is to invite a one-way ticket to the uranium mines. For the American who wishes to regain and reassert his independence the penalties are merely a certain amount of emotional wear-and-tear involved in breaking the quasi-religious grip in which the movement has held him, and the rupture of friendships with a number of people he has been fond of as individuals who, while kind and well-meaning, do not realize that the collective will of their organization has twisted their original warm-hearted ideals and crippled their sensibilities.

In my own case, disregarding for reasons of time and space the political disagreements that were to intensify my esthetic differences, the steps in my disjuncture were roughly as follows: The leader of the youth group from which I had been drifting away —an old friend of mine whose orthodoxy and taste for authority had developed to a degree that made it difficult to communicate with him— urged me to submit myself to the group's official criticism. "That's the organized way to handle this," said this left-wing martinet who, some ten years later, was himself to break with the Party and to charge it with the same debasing intellectual control he had attacked me for defying. "This way we don't know whether you're in or out. You just walked away and sulked and talked loosely against us. Typically self-indulgent, and, like everything else you do, completely undisciplined."

So, for reasons that are subjective and complex and almost standard procedure for those undergoing a profound change of heart and mind as to the blessings of the Third International, "the Schulberg problem" was added to the agenda. All my "bourgeois, decadent, defeatist, individualistic, and un-Marxian tendencies" were pointed out *ad tedium,* culminating in my self-centered refusal to discuss and then to submit my novel for Party approval. Honesty compels me to admit that the membership was not unanimous in its condemnation of me. Some, like the young man who only recently discovered that the Party was destroying his ability to think for himself, were for taking the most drastic possible action against me. Curiously enough, several of those who were most reasonable, flexible, and understanding of creative problems and who were later to defend my book publicly against the aroused majority of Party hacks, seem, as far I know, never to have left the Party at all. How these intelligent and personally fair-minded gentlemen could show genuine concern for the political harassment of creative writers in the United States and yet blind themselves to the ever-tightening restrictions strangling the creative arts in the Soviet Union is one of those fascinating doublethinks that riddle our times.

STILL refusing to let anyone but a few personal friends see my manuscript, I came at last to the attention of a cultural Pooh-Bah of the Party, who was then in Hollywood. Our interview (if the brief harangue can be so dignified) was an invaluable and unforgettable experience for me. Pooh-Bah was unbending. Pooh-Bah was didactic. Pooh-Bah would tell me how to write my book and how to live my life. I came away with the conviction that the Communists I had known before, with two possible exceptions, were innocent amateurs, and that I had seen at last the true face of the Party, the face of the political commissar, rigid, narrow, dictatorial, defending each devious twist and turn of the Party Line as if it were eternal truth.

It is one of the ironies in which Communist history abounds that this bureaucrat who is so eloquent on the subject of cultural strangulation and political intolerance in the United States is the same man who if ever he were in power would righteously murder truth, freedom, and art with exactly that rigidity, fanaticism, and "witch-hunting hysteria" he now cries out so righteously against. Today he is on trial for conspiracy to overthrow our Government. As a taxpayer I can't help wondering if the expenses of the trial could not be better used in the service of free institutions if he were sent on a tour of American writers. Half-an-hour's exposure to this unfortunate man's views of art and politics is guaranteed to convince anyone with literary integrity that in this Pooh-Bah he has met the enemy, the prototype of the authoritarian, that

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

TRIPLETS IN POETRY

Olive Weaver Ridenour, of Arcanum, Ohio, asks you to identify these repeated words in well-known poems. If you can name the poem or the poet, allow five points for each correct answer. A score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better excellent. Answers on page 34.

1. boom, boom, boom	Matthew Arnold
2. break, break, break	Don Blanding
3. chee, chee, chee	Louise Bogan
4. come, come, come	Robert Browning
5. dead, dead, dead	William Cullen Bryant
6. dear, dear, dear	Henry Cuyler Bunner
7. din, din, din	Arthur Hugh Clough
8. down, down, down	Reginald Heber
9. heart, heart, heart	Thomas Hood
10. holy, holy, holy,	Langston Hughes
11. knells, knells, knells	Rudyard Kipling
12. love, love, love	Vachel Lindsay
13. mud, mud, mud	Thomas Moore
14. no, no, no	Thomas Percy
15. no, now, now	Edgar Allan Poe
16. reputation, reputation, reputation	James Whitcomb Riley
17. ship, ship, ship	Robert William Service
18. stitch, stitch, stitch	William Shakespeare
19. try, try, try	Alfred Tennyson
20. zoom, zoom, zoom	Walt Whitman

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frightening twentieth-century phenomenon—the politician who turns to art as to a hand grenade.

My experience with Communism is short on the kind of melodramatics that challenge credulity in such hair-raisers as "My Son John." Nobody tracked me down when I walked away. There were no anonymous threats by telephone or mail. There was no ceremony of resignation with drums rolling behind me and the band striking up "The Star Spangled Banner." My branch had been much more like a social club than an underground conspiracy and I simply drifted away, further and further away month by month, year by year, until one day it had all receded so far into the past that I had to refer to old notes and books current in the Thirties in order to reconstruct, for something I was writing, my manner of thought and speech and action in that hazy false dawn of the Popular Front.

Personal experience is one form of education but it doesn't become higher learning until this first-hand knowledge is fitted into the pattern of larger events. Even when the skirmish between Communist rigidity and "What Makes Sammy Run?" was being brought to a climax, I knew too little about Soviet literary history to consider my curious little case in its true context.

Even before the publication of "What Makes Sammy Run?" there was a ground-swell of Communist resentment in Hollywood. Nevertheless, the *Daily Worker* acclaimed it as "the long-awaited Hollywood novel." The reviewer, Charles Glenn, praised it for its honesty, its "insight and understanding." Schulberg "is a realist. . . . There is nothing vulgar in what he says. . . . Former works on the film city have been filthy with four-letter words, spoken or implied. Characters have been drawn black-and-white. . . . None of these things hold true for Schulberg's novel." Glenn wound up this paean by urging his readers to add this "important comer" to their list of "authors to be watched."

But Glenn, apparently, had not consulted the ruling arbiters of literary taste. He had taken the inexcusable liberty of expressing his own personal opinion. Like many another Communist writer, he was soon called to account for his crime. For the Communist Party in Hollywood was waging an organized campaign against the novel Glenn so carelessly and impetuously had singled out for praise. A public meeting was called to correct Glenn's error and lay down the "true line" on "What Makes Sammy Run?" I was invited to attend this meeting

and defend my book. I said: Thank you, no. A writer defends his book when he writes it. Thereafter readers are free to approve or disapprove according to their taste.

At this meeting Glenn was sharply rebuked for his deviationist review. In true made-in-Moscow style he beat his breast with a cry of *mea culpa* and promised to eat every last heretical word. The literary trick of that or any other month was Glenn's second *Daily Worker* review which began with touching Communist humility, "On the basis of quite lengthy discussion, I have done a little re-evaluation . . ."

It is just this "little re-evaluation" that turns Shostakovich from a composer of great modern symphonies offensive to the crude tastes of the gimme-tunes-I-c'n-whistle Commissars into the submissive trifler hacking out a "Cantata to Stalin's Reforestation Program."

Glenn's little re-evaluation led to a second review that is line for line a denial of his first, a fascinating example of that opportunistic state of mind on which Orwell has hung his unforgettable tag: doublethink. The book which had been "*the* Hollywood novel" a week before was now dismissed with these words: "The struggle to form the Guild doesn't emerge in Schulberg's book. Can it then be termed the Hollywood novel?" A week before the book had been "hearteningly free of filth and four-letter words." Now my double-thinking critic wondered at "the conscience of a writer which allows him with full knowledge of the facts to show only the dirt and the filth." Said Party-Line Glenn to Deviationist Glenn: "Hollywood has become a center of organization for white-collar workers and intellectual workers. These things are not spoken of in Schulberg's book."

HERE is the gimmick, the "social command." Said Mayakovsky, "the poet of the Revolution," in the years before his own plays were banned for their biting criticism of Soviet bureaucracy: "I believe that the best poetic work will be written in accordance with the social command laid down by the Communist International." The faithful Glenn was echoing this when, responding like a good soldier to social command, he suddenly deposed me as a "realist" and relegated me to the scrap-heap of the "renegades," along with "Mumford and Hicks and Hemingway."

The story of Glenn's about-face would be merely comical and unworthy of accounting if it were an isolated incident. But the American Communist literary movement has a shabby history of heretical lapses, inquisitional attacks by the Mike McStalins, and submissive disavowals—an American reflection of a phenomenon that is deadly familiar to Soviet literary circles, the organized public attack on books and writers and the

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stylized recantation that almost invariably follows. In 1946, for instance, the Central Committee attacked two of Russia's outstanding writers, the brilliant Zoshchenko and the lyrical poet Akhmatova, the only two living Soviet writers included in the comprehensive "Treasury of Russian Literature." Zoshchenko, who works in the tradition of great Russian humorists and whose wit is a refreshing antidote to the tendentious Soviet style, is described in "The Portable Russian Reader" as "Soviet Russia's foremost humorist and probably the best-loved one since Chekov." But the Central Committee called him a "scum of literature" who "specializes in writing empty, fatuous, vulgar stuff and in preaching a rotten lack of ideas, apoliticalness, designed to lead our youth astray and to poison its consciousness." Anna Akhmatova was branded by Zhdanov, then High Executioner of Soviet Literature, "an out-and-out individualist, a representative of the bourgeois-aristocratic estheticism and decadence whose work could only breed depression and pessimism and a desire to escape into the narrow world of personal emotions, and thus poison the minds of young people."

Thus, two of Soviet Russia's most original voices were silenced. There was little subtlety to their choice—either to write the Zoshchenko and Akhmatova way and follow Pilnyak, Babel, Terassov-Rodionov, the poet Mandelstam, the leading critic Voronsky, and the others to some dark and dread oblivion, or to write the Central Committee's way, like Simonov,

Alexei Tolstoy, Ehrenberg, and other members of the charmed circle of literary millionaires.

THE editors of the Leningrad periodical that had published Zoshchenko and Akhmatova and a number of other works "imbued with the spirit of servility to everything foreign" were ordered to stop printing these dangerously apolitical writers. And just to make sure that "ideological neutrality" and "indifference to Soviet politics" would not be perpetrated again, the Deputy Chief of the Propaganda Section of the Central Committee became the new editor-in-chief. Did the editors of the magazine under attack and the Leningrad chapter of the Writers Union stand up to the Central Committee and insist, as a handful had done before them, on the freedom of the artist? Alas, like our own Charlie Glenns, they quickly saw the error of their ways, expelled Zoshchenko and Akhmatova from the Union (automatically reducing them to literary zombies), and outdid each other in self-castigation. Tikhonov, a once-gifted poet now playing it safe, muttered the usual apology with appropriate phrases about the Anglo-American warmongers of the decadent bourgeois West and was let off with a reprimand and a demotion.

No sooner had the Central Committee suggested the formation of a new Writers Union than the leaders of RAPP hurried to pass a resolution abolishing themselves, and the signers, Fadeiev, Averbach, Kirshon, and others were soon competing with one another in heaping critical ashes on their own heads and in ridiculing the organization they had represented so ardently until called to account by their superiors. Similarly, Soviet critics expressed their approval of Dostoievsky during the war, discovering in him anti-Fascist and humanist qualities from which the Russian people had much to learn. But after the war, when the official line on Dostoievsky once again considered him "a dangerous reactionary," they publicly confessed their heresies and promised not to devote any further thought to such an unhealthy and un-Soviet author.

Several years ago I began to recapitulate the status of the Soviet artists I had met or listened to or by whom I had been influenced in the course of my trip to Russia almost twenty years before. Checking hearsay reports with such recent books as Jelagin's and Struve's and correspondence with Soviet émigré writers, my list is complete—dishearteningly so.

Eisenstein's career was destroyed by constant interference, political pressure, and attack as a "formalist," a "self-indulgent esthete," and a "bourgeois individualist." During most of the Thirties he suffered official neglect and semi-exile in Central Asia. His reprieve during the somewhat more tolerant "war period" was short-lived. His last film, "Ivan the Terrible," was found to contain "political errors" and Part II was banned in its entirety. Friends of Eisenstein believe this final blow hastened his death.

Prince Mirsky, my instructor in Russian literature in 1934, was denounced soon after for the crime of failing to fawn over a novel by Fadeiev that enjoyed Kremlin approval. Fadeiev's Party-minded champions pointed out that "a recent convert from White Guardism had no right to criticize Communist writers," Gleb Struve quotes the Soviet press. Gorky himself defended Mirsky on two counts: (1) Fadeiev's novel was as poor as Mirsky had suggested; (2) Mirsky could hardly be blamed for the accidental nobility of his birth. Nevertheless, Mirsky was arrested in 1935, according to a bulletin of the Russian Literary Fund, and he died in Siberian exile.

Afinogenov's hit play "Fear" was withdrawn and banned in 1937. In that year, with the anti-intellectual fever at its height, even "Fear's" mild sympathy for the temporary vacillation of a pre-Revolutionary scholar was not to be tolerated.

Meyerhold fell into disgrace in 1937, and his unique theatre was "liquidated" for failure to practise Socialist Realism. In June 1939 his heroic address to the First National Convention of Directors ended with these words:

. . . where men of art searched, made mistakes, experimented, and

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Congo," by Vachel Lindsay. 2. "Break, Break, Break," by Alfred Tennyson. 3. "Robert of Lincoln," by William Cullen Bryant. 4. "Drum," by Langston Hughes. 5. "Dead in Sight of Fame," by James Whitcomb Riley. 6. "One, Two, Three," by Henry Cuyler Bunner. 7. "Gunga Din," by Rudyard Kipling. 8. "The Forsaken Merman," by Matthew Arnold. 9. "O Captain! My Captain," by Walt Whitman. 10. "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," by Reginald Heber. 11. "The Bells," by Edgar Allan Poe. 12. "Pippa Passes," by Robert Browning. 13. "A Song of Winter Weather," by Robert William Service. 14. "Corydon's Farewell To Phillis," by Thomas Percy. 15. "I Saw Eternity," by Louise Bogan. 16. "Othello" (Act 2, Scene 2), by William Shakespeare. 17. "O Ship, Ship, Ship," by Arthur Hugh Clough. 18. "A Song of The Shirt," by Thomas Hood. 19. "Little Man And Little Soul," by Thomas Moore. 20. "Foreboding," by Don Blanding.

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found new ways to create productions some of which were bad and others magnificent, now there is nothing but a depressing, well-meaning, shockingly mediocre and devastating lack of talent.

Was this your aim? If so you have committed a horrible deed. You have washed the child down the drain along with the dirty water. In your effort to eradicate formalism, you have destroyed art!

"Next day Meyerhold was arrested and vanished forever from the face of the earth," writes Jelagin. "A few weeks later his wife, the actress Zinaida Raikh, was brutally murdered in her apartment. The apartment was sealed by the NKVD and all personal property confiscated." When the yearbook of the First Convention of Theatrical Directors was published, Meyerhold's speech was missing, and his name was not even listed among those who had attended. His name was never again to be mentioned in the Soviet press. In a single generation one of the towering names in Russian art had become, within Soviet boundaries, a non-person. The falsifiers of history condemned Meyerhold to oblivion long before 1984.

Gorky died in 1936 under mysterious circumstances. If Yagoda's confession is to be believed, he was poisoned by that singular secret police chief who was to follow so many of his victims to the execution wall. According to the B-movie plot of the treason trials, the murder of Gorky was part of a sinister right-wing plot on the part of such Old Bolsheviks as Bukharin and Rykov who were attempting to restore capitalism in Russia in secret cooperation with the combined espionage systems of Britain, France, Japan, and Nazi Germany!

Jelagin thinks it more likely that Yagoda murdered Gorky on orders from above, "because before starting the liquidation of the Old Bolsheviks Stalin needed very much to eliminate Gorky first. Gorky with his great world reputation and his permanent connections with the Western World would have been an extremely dangerous and unpleasant person in the time of the Great Purge." Gorky had a natural sympathy for the Old Bolsheviks—he had even tried to intervene for Kamenev—and for the honest doubts of fellow-writers who were all under suspicion after the Kirov affair; he might well have been moved to protest the wholesale purge of intellectual and creative originality that reached such heights—or rather, depths—between 1937 and 1939.

Indeed, to call a roll of the principal speakers at the First Writers Congress who fired my enthusiasm for Soviet literature in 1934 is to summon up the dead. Gorky, Bukharin, Radek, Babel, Pilnyak, I. Kataev, Tretyakov —with what hope and confidence I

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The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CASE OF THE HAPPY MEDIUM *Christopher Bush* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Novelist's, clairvoyant's deaths lead Ludovic Travers, Yard, to crime nest.	As usual, too many characters; pace slow; handling conscientious.	Ho-hummy
NEVER BET YOUR LIFE *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.50)	Suicide-attempter disposed of by other hands at Florida resort; motel operator follows suit; visiting lawyer helps cops.	Nice tension throughout; threads of interplots neatly woven; professional job all the way.	Good
DEATH IN DARK GLASSES *George Bellairs* (Macmillan: $2.50)	British brothers vanish, by-stander done in, funds disappear; Inspector Littlejohn and allies have hands full.	Isle of Man excursion provides novel interlude; abundance of personnel imposes mild strain.	Diffuse but pleasant
EYES THAT WATCH YOU *William Irish* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Seven unrelated short stories, set in U.S. with one exception (Central America).	Variety of situation and treatment conscientiously striven for; result uneven.	Mixed bag

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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had heard them extol the "new humanism" that was to free them from the mental prison of the literary First Five Year Plan. Jelagin's letter, written from personal acquaintance with many prominent Soviet writers, includes this epitaph on the First Congress:

> All the repressions and liquidations in literary circles which took place during the Yezhov era (1936-1938) were tightly connected with the convention you attended. . . . After 1937, Soviet literature was like a great army retreating after an unsuccessful decisive battle. Some generals were missing, some retreated in silence, trying not to show their fears and doubts . . . It was dangerous enough for a famous Soviet writer to be silent. Let us respect and admire Boris Pasternak, the finest poet of contemporary Russia, and his colleagues, for their silence . . . Some of the writers who belonged to the silent group broke their silence (around 1940) and began to write in the new orthodox way—both in style and content. It was a great creative degradation . . .

Or as Pasternak summed it up in a bitter understatement: "Mayakovsky committed suicide and I translate."

IN a contrast to modern Soviet literature, purged of its most gifted contributors, bogged down in Stalin-worship and the repetitious platitudes of Neo-Super-Pan-Slavophilism, our modern American literature is, for all its shortcomings, vigorous, varied, and incorruptibly critical.

During the Twenties, at the height of American prosperity, Dreiser, Dos Passos, Lewis, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Faulkner—each in his own way—were questioning the mores and institutions of our society. Did these writers "poison the minds" of their readers, as the Central Committee is so fearful that Zoschenko and Akhmatova will do if they are allowed to write their own stories and poems? Or does a society nourish itself on criticism if it is sufficiently honest and thoughtful and penetrating and truly reflective of the doubts, fears, frustrations, and unanswered questions that beset the healthiest of cultures? The culture that cannot tolerate diagnosis and analysis—or even some old-fashioned Mark Twain-Zoschenko nose-thumbing, is sick unto death, no matter how resoundingly it pounds its chest and proclaims its might.

Never having been subjected to a national literary purge, we American writers can still enjoy creative freedom from fear. Left-wing, right-wing, no-wing are free to publish novels on any subject in any style from any point of view. Yet the hour is late for complacency. While we have—thank God—no Central Committee Directives on Art to punish us for the sin of originality and independent thought, there is a creeping paralysis affecting the vigor of our national stride.

A recent *New York Times* survey of undergraduate thought reveals a reluctance on the part of college students to express themselves on social issues for fear of being ostracized as Reds. Radio and TV performers and writers are threatened with professional ruin if their names appear on a weekly black-list tallying the unacceptable political or social organizations they may have joined or to which they may have lent their names. In Hollywood a producer laughs, "I'm going to resign from everything—even the Automobile Club," and behind the laugh is the deep, new fear of identifying himself with anything that may make him untouchable in these days of the New Conformity. The director of "The Best Years of Our Lives" admits, "I'd be afraid to do a picture like that today." Its popular acclaim was tremendous—one of the three top money-makers of all time—and voted the Best Picture of the Year. But now "they'd call it Communistic." In the name of patriotism, powerful pressure groups—like Steinbeck's idiot giant Lennie unknowingly caressing to death the things he loves—continue to harass Hollywood with their police-state mentalities and their indiscriminate loyalty probes. As the Hollywood correspondent for *The New York Times* said recently, "Now, perhaps as never before in its recent turbulent history, the creative element in Hollywood is experiencing a form of censorship unparalleled in the experience of the average individual in this country." The epidemic of fear has even reached out to Graham Greene, the eminent British Catholic novelist. En route to the United States for conferences with the film producers adapting his most recent novel, he was detained and subjected to worldwide notoriety for having admitted his four-week membership in the Communist Party thirty years ago.

—*Sovfoto.*

Mayakovsky (with Russian youths)—"repressions and liquidations."

LITTLE things? Admittedly, not to be compared with the total politicalization of Russian arts and artists. Merely a spot of infection here and there such as you hardly recognize on yourself the day before the doctor tells you it's the measles. Measles can be a serious disorder that leaves irrevocable scars. But a healthy body should be able to throw off the disease after a mild attack. We have seen how the disease of conformity attacked and shattered a great artistic tradition. We have seen how the same Revolution that promised to make a free man of Isaac Babel in 1917 crushed him under its monolithic weight twenty years later. We have called the roll of the dead.

I have only to lift up my eyes from my desk to read on the wall the words of William Faulkner I have placed there as a constant reminder. They are words so deeply felt they seem to strike you in your vitals before they reach your mind:

> I decline to accept the end of man . . . I believe that man will not

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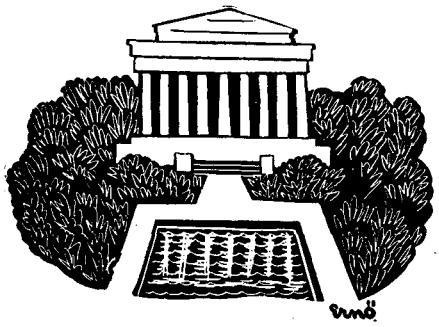
merely endure; he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help men endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past.

If I may be allowed my moment of presumption to paraphrase a master, I say Amen to Faulkner and I add, I decline to accept any suppression of creative individuality as a necessary step in the defense of our culture. I believe the American mind is too diverse, too questing, and too questioning, too chancey and untamed ever to fit comfortably or for long into the strait-jacket mentality of the commissars, be their powers invoked in the name of Generalissimo Joe or some home-grown joe.

AS I look back across the Forties to my experience with Communism, I find that it challenges me both as a writer and as an American. My motive in sharing this experience with you is hope that it may be of some value in the continuing effort to understand and measure up to our own liberties. Art must always wither and die when it comes under the control of any censorship that judges a writer by his willingness to conform. A writer must be allowed both to affirm or protest, or merely to record in his own way his own personal experiences. We still have that artistic freedom in America, at least in our literature and theatre, but never before in the life of the Republic has this liberty been more feared, more maligned, or more misunderstood.

Liberty, democracy, freedom of speech are lifeless cards pulled out of an orator's pack unless we live our



way into the meaning and function of these words. If we are to stand up to the real threat to freedom without giving in to the neurotic fear of freedom, we must each establish our own frame of reference in actual experience.

Clearly, there are two ways to respond to the Soviet trauma. Either we can be frightened out of our wits and scuttle our own freedom, or we can be frightened into our wits and reassert these freedoms as the long-range weapons of the West. May we never see the time when the unfeeling hands of political inquisitors stifle creative expression. For that would be a day of triumph for West-wing bigots at home and East-wing bigots abroad.

August Afternoon

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

BLOSSOM of afternoon before it fell
Spread hushed around me its unaltered spell,
August summation of the summer will.
But longing too had grown profound and vast,
Yearning was so embedded in the year
That I was sick for home when home was here,
Anguished for present as it were the past:
Nostalgia that with August unabated
Knew the perfection yet to be perfected.

Desire deepened as the day stood still,
The silence spoke some sacrament expected,
A merging with a larger mind that waited,
Omniscient, wistful, and intently near,
Timeless itself, but timed and unbelated,
A presence come so close as to appear—
Till Earth became the replica, the host,
In full recipience of guest, of Ghost . . .

A world beyond the summer, to fulfill
Blossom of afternoon before it fell.

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(Continued on page 38)

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(Continued from page 37)

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. A document wholly in the handwriting of the signer.

B. To strain, especially beyond a limit.

C. Scottish-born American naturalist in U.S. who influenced T. Roosevelt's policy of conservation (1838-1914; "Stickeen," etc.).

D. Turns inside out, as an intestine.

E. An uprising against legitimate authority.

F. Canadian-born (American parentage) portrait and figure painter (1849-96; full name).

G. A cutlery center in England.

H. Light opera by Friedrich von Flotow.

I. Among prosperous or pleasant circumstances (2 wds.).

J. The head (slang).

K. A kind of blueberry or blackberry (comp.).

L. Soft; easily worked or penetrated, as soil.

WORDS

87 25 66 29 89 3 33 136 51

37 12 118 135 172 184 70 181 147 124

161 102 62 30

82 149 143 13 19 64

101 78 186 137 154 123

119 174 2 158 182 88 107 60 50 191

68 159 134 28 67 23 155 74 1

106 43 20 54 32 170

72 167 180 98 110 81 95 36

169 80 35 69 145 160 130 120

94 162 58 104 177 38 92 61

63 42 75 79 90 48

DEFINITIONS

M. Blames; censures.

N. A person of no influence or social standing.

O. A volcanic peak in Chile in the Andes, 9060 feet high, near the Argentine border.

P. A storm or gale from a certain point of the compass.

Q. A litter made of a slung hammock of thick canvas (comp.).

R. A small food-fish of excellence (S. Africa).

S. Glowing or luminous with intense heat.

T. Pertaining to the achievement of a desired end.

U. Great British soldier, died at *Khartoum* in 1885.

V. Indians whose mythology formed the basis of "Hiawatha".

W. Hindered from action by various motives.

X. In a manner appearing outworn.

WORDS

152 40 71 111 117 140 7

6 96 156 131 39 14

52 26 86 176 109 183

10 148 41 114 55 15 27 188 93 47

133

53 57 121 115 99 113 18 108 164 85

49 166 100 44 150 138 34 190 11

5 141 24 73 97 144 185 17 165 122

171 31

105 45 8 142 127 146 175 129 116 173

22 128 132 91 125 163

56 178 187 84 4 21 157 126

139 9 103 179 151 46 65 83

168 59 16 77 153 189 112 76

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

							1 G	2 F	3 A	4 V	5 S	6 N	7 M		8 T	9 W	10 P	11 R
12 B	13 D	14 N			15 P	16 X	17 S		18 Q		19 D	20 H	21 V	22 U	23 G	24 S		
25 A	26 O	27 P			28 G	29 A	30 C		31 S	32 H	33 A	34 R		35 J	36 I	37 B	38 K	
39 N		40 M	41 P	42 L	43 H	44 R	45 T	46 W	47 P		48 L	49 R	50 F		51 A	52 O		
53 Q		54 H	55 P	56 V	57 Q	58 K	59 X	60 F		61 K	62 C	63 L	64 D	65 W	66 A	67 G		
	68 G	69 J	70 B	71 M	72 I	73 S	74 G	75 L	76 X		77 X	78 E	79 L	80 J	81 I	82 D		
83 W		84 V	85 Q		86 O	87 A	88 F		89 A	90 L	91 U	92 K		93 P	94 K	95 I		
	96 N	97 S	98 I	99 Q		100 R	101 E	102 C	103 W	104 K	105 T		106 H	107 F	108 Q			
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123 E	124 B	125 U	126 V	127 T		128 U	129 T		130 J	131 N	132 U	133 P	134 G	135 B	136 A	137 E		
138 R	139 W	140 M	141 S	142 T	143 D		144 S	145 J	146 T	147 B	148 P	149 D	150 R	151 W	152 M	153 X		
154 E	155 G		156 N	157 V		158 F	159 G	160 J		161 C	162 K	163 U	164 Q		165 S	166 R		
167 I	168 X	169 J	170 H	171 S	172 B	173 T	174 F		175 T	176 O	177 K	178 V	179 W	180 I	181 B			
182 F	183 O		184 B	185 S	186 E	187 V	188 P	189 X	190 R	191 F								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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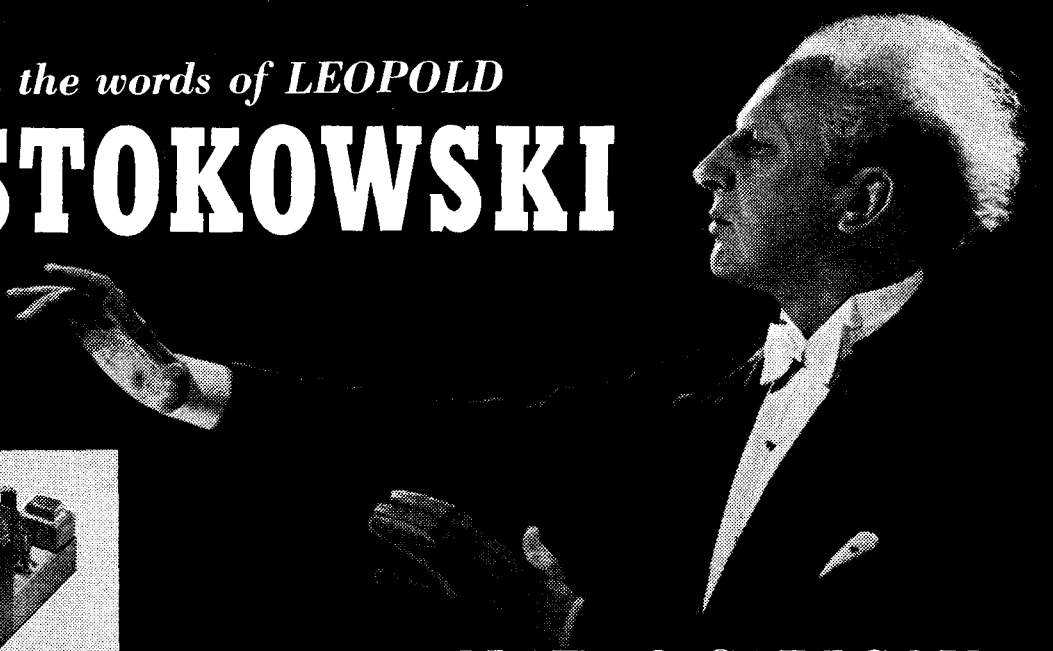
In the words of LEOPOLD

STOKOWSKI



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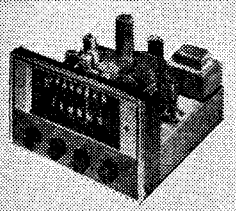

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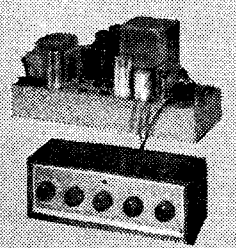

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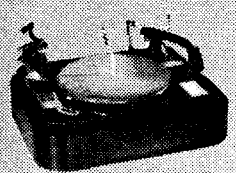

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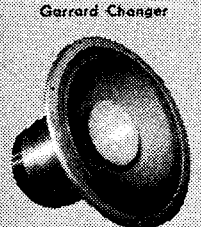

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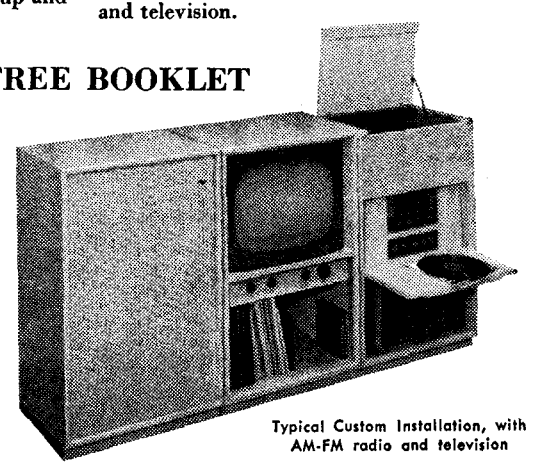

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SR / RECORDINGS SECTION

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West Coast Report

IRVING KOLODIN

CITY of Angels. City of Angles. City of Techniques. City of Cities. City of Distances. City of Stratifications. Take one or take all, and you have a portion of the impressions that Los Angeles makes on a first-time visitor. One may contradict the other, and the end product may be an equation of negatives, but nobody could deny that all the factors exist in this sprawling metropolis of nearly two million, with a surrounding area almost as great.

The audio boom has rolled west in undulating waves striking some places, by-passing others (Omaha, Nebraska, I am told, is the "hottest" city between Chicago and the Coast, though why that should be is not apparent even to those who are profiting most from it). To many in the components industry here it is an old story, for they remember the elaborate installations put into the palaces of such filmdom royalty as Marlene Dietrich and King Vidor when tycoons elsewhere were satisfied with the largest box with the swiftest turn-over mechanism that such a firm as Capehart could produce.

Several of those manufacturers, such as Stephens, Altec-Lansing, and Jim Lansing (who, together, comprise half the fine speaker industry in this country) are movie-derived, owing the impetus for their business or the beginnings of their careers to work done in or for the film producers. On the other hand, Newcomb Audio Products, makers of one of the most satisfactory amplifiers I have yet heard, grew up with the radio industry here before concentrating on production for the audio enthusiasts.

All share an industry-wide obsession with perfection. They have words of regard for the competitors they respect, whether they produce their goods on the next boulevard or half-way across the country, but each, naturally, has a parent's pride in his own offspring, rating it keener, healthier, or just easier to get along with than the other fellow's. Outside the field of their specific manufacture, they all have their favorites in other components, with the pros and cons that reverberate wherever audio fans gather. "If you like the Pickering cartridge, naturally the Pickering arm is tops," you'll hear. "But the Gray is more versatile," and so on.

One undercurrent observation (if it can hardly be termed a complaint) is the relative lag of audio enthusiasm in the area of Los Angeles itself. Like the blind men grouped around the elephant, the one who has hold of the tail deems it a thinner thing than the one grasping the trunk. None, to my discovery, has caught up yet with the thick legs or the massive torso. Thus, the man who does a satisfying retail business in expensive custom jobs for the mushrooming mansions of Beverly Hills and Bel Air rates the picture one way; the manufacturer who would like to see a brisker business in components among more ordinary folk rates it otherwise.

Taken together, the issue seems to come back to the perpetual one in Southern California—the climate. One who knows the field well cites "outdoor living" as an explanation for the disproportion of a huge population to a relatively small consumption of this particular kind of goods. Swimming pools are certainly not so prevalent as they might seem to one with three friends of whom two have pools. But the patio is all-pervasive, and the invitation to the outdoors includes the ocean within an easy hour's drive for anyone who has a car, and who hasn't? Here is an item of conspicuous wealth, in the Veblen phrase, which is as much a part of the family budget in this city as housing and food are generally. Between investment and upkeep, it certainly siphons off a share of earnings which, in less mobile com-

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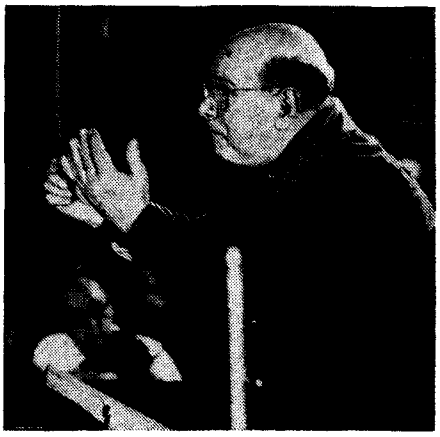

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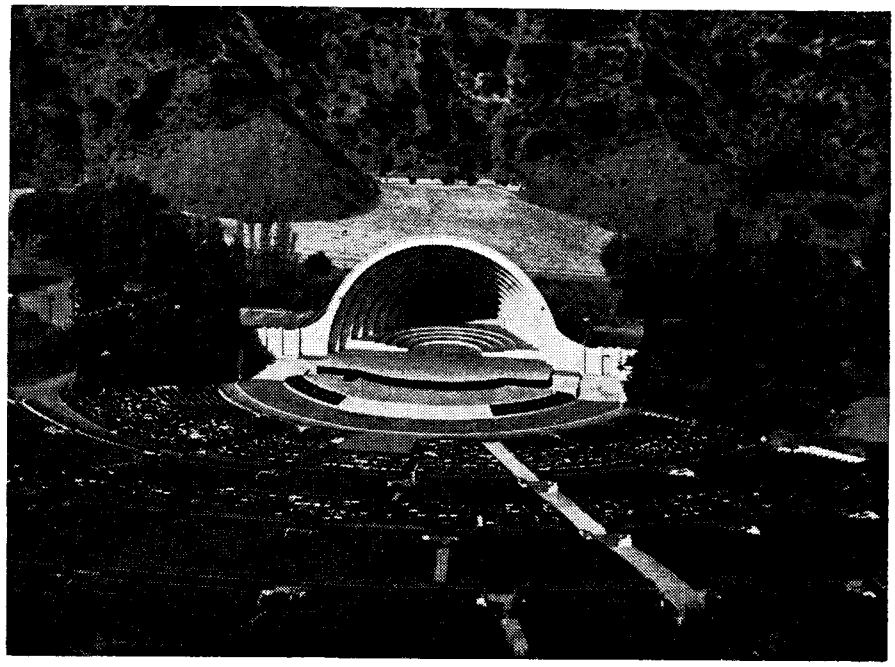
munities, would go into the corner of the home where records are played and wisps of distortion cursed as the enthusiast makes do until he supplants a current component with a better one.

A statistical rendering of that fact may be read in the recent report in *Variety,* which assigns 12 per cent of all disc sales in the United States to the New York area (though it has only 10 per cent of the population) and only 3 per cent to the Pacific Coast (though it is the area of greatest recent growth in population). How much of the New York area sales comes from customers elsewhere responding to "cut price" mail-order houses is incalculable. One large dealer here reports that it hasn't affected many customers, but the defections include some buyers who were formerly his heaviest investors in records.

However, the interested parties are reacting to the challenge. An Audio Fair is planned for the West Coast in August of next year though (whisper) it is booked for San Francisco rather than Los Angeles. In this "old-fashioned" metropolis, I am told, with its more variable climate and lesser accent on the outdoors, people spend more time in circumstances (and surroundings) conducive to the sedentary pleasures of the record. But Los Angeles is hopeful of the stimulating presence of an Audio Fair shortly thereafter, in a nation-wide pattern that will cover the East in the fall, the Midwest in the spring, and the Pacific Coast in the summer. Since that leaves one area and one season unaccounted for, it seems logic of events that the great Southwest will take up the slack sooner or later.

Meanwhile, as these words are being read, thinking and action is proceeding on another level at Long Beach, where the regional memberships of the Institute of Radio Engineers (IRE) and the American Institute of Electrical Engineers (AIEE) are meeting in annual session as part of the Western Electronic Show and Convention. If you are interested in "Telemetering Techniques," you can hear papers presented by representatives of Bendix Aviation and the California Institute of Technology. "Static-Dynamic Design of Flip-Flop Circuits" is another topic, not to mention "The Insignificance of Continuous Internal Reflections in Tropospheric Propagation Beyond the Horizon." Out of this interchange may well come developments of nation-wide importance in this immeasurable field.

Elsewhere, the paradox is no less prevalent. Capitol Records, which became an important factor in the production of serious music with its Telefunken catalogue of historic recordings by Mengelberg and which utilized much West Coast talent in building its domestic list, has turned eastward to Pittsburgh for its ambitious symphonic projects with William Steinberg (which, we are assured, will have substantial accretions when that conductor settles down to permanent work in Pennsylvania). Decca, on the other hand, which is based in New York, has recently concluded several sessions with Alfred Wallenstein and the Los Angeles Philharmonic. To the outsider, there would seem a logical affiliation between the upcoming local record company and the orchestra based here. However, there is at least historic explanation for this, inasmuch as Decca did some sporadic recordings with the Los Angeles Philharmonic in the days before Capitol Records gave serious thought to serious music.



Hollywood Bowl—"tomorrow, next year, ten years hence."

AS IS universally known, the film studios support hundreds of the finest musicians in the country, but the conditions of employment are such that few of them have an impact on the large-scale public music-making in Los Angeles. Studio musicians are restricted, by union fiat, to playing in the studios for films or for records. Non-studio musicians may play a "quota" of network radio broadcasts if they are not otherwise employed; or, if they are members of the Philharmonic, a smaller quota of network radio. All may further augment their income with "casual" engagements for Coastal broadcasts, etc. An additional inducement in studio work is the contract system by which the player is guaranteed 520 hours a year, or the equivalent of fifty-two ten-hour weeks.

Until recently, studio work offered the most secure livelihood for the average musician, with consequent disadvantage to the Philharmonic. However, the addition to the yearly schedule of the Bowl concerts and the Civic Light Opera series (which takes over the Philharmonic Auditorium at the end of the orchestra's season) has equalized the situation somewhat with a thirty-week season assured to the symphony players.

The kind of integration accomplished to the advantage of the Philharmonic in providing its players with a longer season and thus building a more stable ensemble is a relative rarity in this area of multiple divisions and sub-divisions. The temporary failure of the plan for a Music Center (which would provide an up-to-date, centrally located concert auditorium as well as a home for opera) seemed regrettable when one heard that the vote on a bond issue had rolled up a majority, but not the two-thirds necessary for passage. It seemed incredible when one learned further that the residents of Beverly Hills and Santa Monica (which are indivisible parts of the whole community) had not been privileged to vote on this referendum because they are incorporated areas with their own civic officials!

To a visitor at this season, when most normal musical activity is suspended, the peaks and valleys are much more the whole of the landscape than they would be otherwise. You

(*Continued on page* 57)

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Opera in Bavaria

PAUL JARETZKI

MUNICH.

WITH a family tree that dates back operatically almost two hundred years, it is good to find that in postwar Germany the city of Munich still maintains its tradition for presenting outstanding opera.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century Munich played host to the *premières* of Mozart's "La Finta Gardiniera" and "Idomeneo." Some hundred years later King Ludwig II sponsored no less than four Wagnerian world *premières.* In addition, operas by such composers as Weber, Pfitzner, and Munich's native son Richard Strauss first were presented in the Bavarian capital. At the beginning of the twentieth century, in a bold attempt to capture Bayreuth's unchallenged supremacy as the world's leading Wagnerian center, Munich built the Prinz Regenten Theater, modeled after the Bayreuth Festspielhaus, and in 1901 inaugurated the annual summer festivals. In subsequent years operas by Mozart, Strauss, Pfitzner, and most recently Bavaria's Carl Orff have been included as staple items of the repertoire.

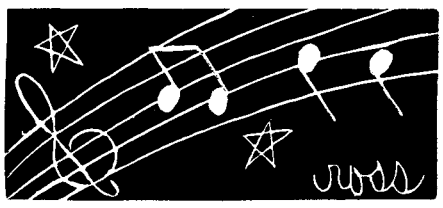
Today Munich's Bayerische Staatsoper recognizes that, with keen competition among Germany's several score opera houses for the relatively few great singers available, success depends mainly on intensive ensemble preparation. Notwithstanding, the company's year-round roster includes a number of singers who are well known in America either through their recordings or their Metropolitan Opera activities.

The month-long festival this year presented fourteen of the operas regularly heard during the ten-month winter season. For the festival, prices were almost doubled, and the roster thereby augmented by several auspicious guests. "Der Rosenkavalier" proved ideal as an opener. Erich Kleiber directed a spirited performance, which likewise benefited from Georg Hartmann's fresh approach to the *mise-en-scène.* Many new but appropriate comic details, which alternated with conservative direction during the more serious scenes, made this an exciting production. The cast featured Maria Reining's sensitive Marschallin, Elisabeth Gruemmer's well-conceived Octavian, Erna Berger's Sophie, with its customary purity of tone, and Kurt Boehme's Ochs, probably the best to be seen today.

The productions of "Die Walküre" and "Die Meistersinger," both expertly staged by Heinz Arnold with superb settings by the company's designer Helmut Jürgens, were memorable more for their adherence to the musical and dramatic intent of the composer than for any individual vocal achievements. In Georg Solti's "Walküre" the exceptions were Ferdinand Frantz, as Wotan, and Boehme, the Hunding, who in voice and action made an excellent Wagnerian villain. The Brünnhilde of the evening, Helena Braun, might well be one of this generation's top Wagnerian sopranos, though as yet her sympathetic voice is not always equal to her extraordinary histrionic gifts.

In "Meistersinger" teamwork again prevailed, with everyone attuned to the sprightly leadership of conductor Josef Keilberth. Wilhelm Schirp was good as Sachs, Aldenhoff, the Walther, showed remarkable vocal improvement, while Erich Kunz triumphed by underplaying rather than exaggerating the part of the eccentric Beckmesser.

A slick production of "Cosi fan tutte" sparkled under Solti's baton, while Heinz Arnold (with the use of a carousel-like revolving stage, and in recognition of the absurdities of Da Ponte's libretto) spoofed the story and hammed the action, always, however, keeping within the bounds of discretion. The result was, for once, a "Cosi" that did not bore before the joke was ended. Christel Goltz conquered the difficult challenge of Fiordiligi's music with breath-taking ease. The young and promising Paula Lindermeier displayed an unusually cultured voice as Dorabella, while Vienna's Emmy Loose, the Despina, was once again an adept soubrette. Richard Holm and Benno Kusche, the Ferrando and Alfonso, and the vocally less gifted Karl Schmitt-Walter, as Guglielmo, fitted admirably into the general scheme of the performance.



Still another exciting production was the Keilberth-Hartmann "Salome." The stage action unfolded like a theatre piece. The dynamic Goltz, a wild and completely uninhibited Salome, built her conception to a truly horrifying climax, singing with a clear, almost trumpetlike voice that remained fresh until the bitter end. Klarwein and Hoengen, particularly the latter, were excellent as the degenerate Herodes and Herodias, and the young Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, communicated with feeling the horror and convictions of the mystic Jokanaan.

AN uneven "Tristan und Isolde" found its assets in Kleiber's direction, Braun's Isolde, and Frantz's King Marke. And a special word is due to the veteran Margarete Klose, whose rich voice negotiated with consummate ease the cruel tessitura of Brangaene's music. The drawbacks were Treptow's generally lethargic Tristan, Rudolf Grossmann's dull Kurvenal, and Hartmann's conventional staging.

"Ariadne auf Naxos" was, unfortunately, sub-standard. Josef Keilberth conducted with seeming indifference, Arnold's staging was distinctly humorless, while Maud Cunitz, as Ariadne, Wilma Lipp, as Zerbinetta, and Julius Patzak, as Bacchus, were disappointing. Among the principals, only the extremely gifted Sena Jurinac, singing with clear and beautifully focused tones, did full justice to her role, that of the Composer.

What we may expect in the future from Munich is by no means certain. Intendant Georg Hartmann and his music director Georg Solti are resigning in protest over the constant interference by members of the Bavarian parliament, who in return for their subsidy keep a rigid control over the opera's administrative operations. The new Intendant, Rudolf Hartmann (no relation to his predecessor), has ambitious plans. He feels that with Bayreuth only five hours to the northeast, and Salzburg just two hours to the south, the Munich Festival should develop a definite character of its own, rather than compete with its neighbors. Therefore, while Wagner and Mozart will be represented, the emphasis will shift to Strauss, whose "Arabella," "Danae," and "Capriccio" will be added to this year's list. Honneger's "Jeanne d'Arc au bûcher" and Gluck's "Orfeo," the latter in a new staging by Wieland Wagner, will be among other new works in the repertoire.

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Kempff & The Thirty-Two

C. G. BURKE

FOR the first time, an American company has issued a recorded edition of the thirty-two piano sonatas of Beethoven, and for the first time all thirty-two are available in this country regardless of record label. That until this month some vertebrae were missing from the backbone of piano music is one of those mysteries which make contemplation of the phonograph industry as beguiling as blind-man's buff.

The first American edition is not the first complete edition anywhere. Wilhelm Kempff himself has done the series before for German companies, and the Schnabel edition issued to subscribers by HMV has become, since his death, a sanctified touchstone of interpretation, both to those fortunate enough to possess it and to many more not so fortunate. RCA Victor has let it be known that the Schnabel performances will be available on LP for the American public in the fall; and judging by that company's success in translating 78's into 33's, we may be permitted some confidence that the sound of the Schnabel records will be more than satisfactory. It is a pity that they are not yet ready for direct comparison with Kempff; but the latter and Decca earn an independent examination as pioneers.

The thirty-two sonatas as Kempff plays them are contained in fifteen double-sided twelve-inch LP's numbered from DL 9578 to DL 9592, at $5.85 per disc. Distribution has been accomplished according to an arbitrary plan:

9578: Nos. 8, 24 & 25
9579: No. 29
9580: Nos. 23 & 27
9581: Nos. 21 & 28
9582: Nos. 14 & 26
9583: Nos. 1 & 3
9584: Nos. 7 & 13
9585: Nos. 2 & 15
9586: Nos. 17 & 18
9587: Nos. 5 & 32
9588: Nos. 4 & 9
9589: Nos. 12 & 16
9590: Nos. 11, 19 & 20
9591: Nos. 6, 22 & 30
9592: Nos. 10 & 31

Since a Complete Edition serves not only direct musical pleasure, but as reference material for people who have some professional concern with music, it must be said, in complete seriousness, that Decca should have furnished index cards with these sonatas. Without the cards an unreasonable exploit of memory is demanded of purchasers. Encyclopedias are not published with *easement* to *elegy* immediately followed by *sanctum* to *Sherman* preceding *Calypso* to *cutworm*. Examination shows no technical objection to consecutive issue, and economy is definitely no determinant of the Decca sequence. It is true that Westminster's Appelbaum series—of which eleven of the announced thirty-two have so far appeared—is equivalently anarchical, and that all the other records of Beethoven sonatas except one (Nos. 30 & 31 by Demus for Remington) contain couplings in accordance with their manufacturers' unnatural passion for the perversion of good sense. The tradition of haphazard editing is venerable in phonographic circles; but some sacrifice of hallowed ways was necessary for electrical recording and again for LP, and more will be needed to produce definitive editions of the Beethoven piano sonatas.

Not only its haphazard sequence relegates the Decca edition to a distinction less than definitive. There is a deficiency in the mere volume of piano sound emitted by the discs—a deficiency of engineering, not of pianism. It is fair to assert categorically that the low level of this sound shrinks the dramatic utterance of the biggest sonatas to a point of intensity dangerously low, and makes some unacceptable. The pity is that the sound in its small way is good—generally gracious and mellow despite moments of harshness in the treble and a bass usually too weak. It is not quite like the sound, or any of the sounds, that we have from American piano recording, but it is peculiarly comforting and unforced; and in some of the sonatas where etched nimbleness is a special virtue its soft clarity is a virtue akin.

Everyone knows the difficulty of choice when the sonic and interpretive values of a phonograph record are at odds. There is a point, different for most people, and often different for the same person, where the merits of a performance override the faults of its engineered sound, and there is a point where the splendor of sound outbalances the mediocrity of play. Individual toleration varies so much in degree that we have discophiles aghast at a perfect (so to speak) performance if the sound is at all faulted; and there are others indifferent to a perfect sound if a musical phrase is at all awry. The former will not wish the Kempff records; the latter will find Kempff a formidable Beethovenian, not improbably the best Beethoven pianist living. For discophiles between the extremes the survey below of the individual sonatas may be of help.

TWENTY-seven pianists, including Kempff, have recorded for ten companies an aggregate of ninety-nine versions of the thirty-two Sonatas. After having heard Kempff matched against the field of twenty-six, the listener is forced to accept some indisputable conclusions: (1) The majority of these discs are favored with very competent piano playing. Music-lovers naturally will find interpretations counter to their preferences and prejudices in many of the ninety-nine performances, but the pianism of hands and feet, considered apart from the influence of heart and mind, is in almost every case acceptable and in many cases admirable. (2) Kempff is a master of the mechanics of piano playing. (3) The engineered sound of the piano on most of these records is not representative of the best standards engineers have attained for the instrument, a notable exception being the Appelbaum discs, which are excellent.

Less obvious is the truly extraordinary essence of the Kempff accomplishment. A number of sonatas—perhaps as many as six or eight—must be heard before the mind is able to analyze the evidence received by the ears. The evidence confirms an impression at first idly apprehended and incompletely accepted, that shape and design are apparent here beyond custom, that the familiar, imperative sentiments of Beethoven have each a distinctive and appropriate contour which must not be distorted in any degree if the sentiments are to be uncovered in their just proportions of force. Each sonata has an implacable pattern, as exact as a geometrical figure and necessarily changeless if the idea which it counterpoises is to be uncontaminated.

The patterns are divulged by Kempff, a practical piano player, by a reciprocal subjection of the classic and romantic aspects of Beethoven. The emotional climaxes, so often of terrifying intensity, are estimated and fixed at a point of pianistic intensity for each, dictated by what precedes and what is to follow. To such a point everything must be variously subor-

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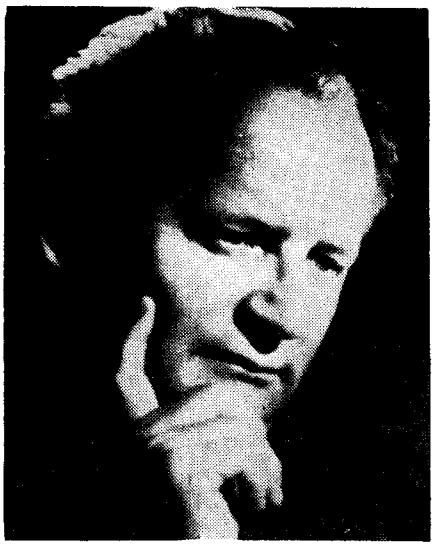
dinated. A maximum weight, a maximum poignancy of intonation, proper for such a climax, and differing maxima proper for such another climax are stipulated by Kempff, and the subordinate material is proportioned to the limits he has fixed. His *sforzati* are not necessarily very loud; they are conditioned by what surrounds them and by the strength of other *sforzati* to follow. So too with crescendos, which are in ratio with each other. The famous emotional disorder of Beethoven is mere insistent anarchy if it is not contrasted with order, and so order, poise, symmetry, and regularity are emphasized in Kempff's playing to make their contraries more startling with less effort.

His crescendos have the inexorable expansion of the rippled concentricities made in water by something dropped, and his diminuendos reverse it in deflation. There is the exactitude of a stairway in his scales, and his rhythms are singularly free of overhang. There is a clarifying didacticism in his statement of themes: when the second subject enters, there is no doubt of it; the recurrent theme in a rondo is invariably definite no matter what its modifications; and under the most elaborate variations the original air maintains its identity.

Perhaps this suggests the prosy teacher of piano. He is not: there is a poet in this pedagogue. Beethoven's feelings are not diminished in being shapely, any more than the Parthenon was enfeebled by the symmetry of its columns. The drama in these sonatas is just as apparent to Kempff as to anyone else, and after he has finished with them just as apparent to us as it is to him. Phrasing and tempos are not tampered with much at this date by musicianly pianists in these things; there are no shocks with Kempff, but there are form and logic and clarity in remarkable and consistent measure.

THE examination of the recorded versions of the sonatas was not brief, but limitations of space prescribe laconicism. The couplings of the non-Kempff editions naturally could have great weight in influencing choice, but there is not room to catalogue them, and indeed not room to catalogue the editions themselves, except the most worthy.

No. 1, in F Minor, Op. 2, No. 1. Including Kempff, two versions. K's is comfortably the better, and better engineered. The smallish sound is not detrimental to a sonata still mainly reliant on the eighteenth century. There is menace behind the flippancy in the first movement, exposed by K alone, whose jeweled balance elsewhere is most enticing.



Wilhelm Kempff—"form, logic, clarity."

No. 2, in A, Op. 2, No. 2. Two versions, and no complaint with Kurt Appelbaum even after K has been heard; but the former's abrupt contrasts seem rather heavy and plebeian in comparison with K, who produces a more sportive story with less effort. A complicating element is the absolutely first-class sound accorded A's piano, obviously and easily superior to K's.

No. 3, in C, Op. 2, No. 3. One version—Kempff's; a triumph of calculated sprightliness, in a blend of something like Haydn and much like Beethoven. A *turnverein* of tripping staccatos, crescendos and diminuendos in exact isometry, molded chords in a demure and infectious festivity.

No. 4, in E flat, Op. 7. Two versions There can be no doubt that the disciplined imagination of Kempff is surpassingly convincing, but this big sonata needs more volume in its outspoken first movement than the engineers have accorded it, and the weak recording of the bass in the finale results in some blatancy for the other octaves. No doubt also that the K is preferable, but a more solid sound would have made it indispensable.

No. 5, in C, Op. 10, No. 1. Two versions, interpretationally not dissimilar. Backhaus on London is looser and mellower while Kempff has a stronger sense of order, but in the major aspects of phrasing, tempo, and accentuation one is worth the other. The Backhaus piano-sound is bigger and fuller than K's, but is beset by a wicked intermittent hum. No positive preference.

No. 6, in F, Op. 10, No. 2. Three versions, with Backhaus and Kempff in light accord and Petri a little insistent on the affable points of a pleasant comedy. K's immaculate style is well served by his small sound here; and although the Backhaus bass is impressive his upper octaves are muffled. K's is the record.

No. 7, in D, Op. 10, No. 3. Three versions, with Appelbaum on Westminster agreeable enough, but more excited and less exciting than Kempff's realization of the drama by means of opposed symmetries. With a minimum of gesticulation K attains a maximum of logical eloquence. The third version is not in the class of these two, and the Appelbaum recording we found much richer than the Kempff.

No. 8, in C minor ("Pathétique"), Op. 13. Five versions. Kempff's playing is subdued and chaste in a beautifully proportioned concept that disdains melodrama. Unfortunately the low volume of sound expresses incompletely his subtlety and his fortes, making a pallid and libeled Beethoven. Of the others, Frugoni on Vox plays well and has the truest recording; Rubinstein's clarity and poised passion, in a satisfactory reproduction, occupy the record preferred here.

No. 9, in E, Op. 14, No. 1. Three versions, variously appealing. Baller on Allegro is neat and decorates with grace. Appelbaum is assertive and healthy, Kempff marvelously delicate, the leader in refined pianistics. K's sound has a higher level than usual, and a harsher treble; A's is, as usual, more resonant and dynamic and compelling. As a whole, Appelbaum.

No. 10, in G, Op. 14, No. 2. One version. The bantam-weight sound is not too harmful to a happy, rippling performance.

No. 11, in B flat, Op. 22. Two versions, and the Westminster Appelbaum has it. The uncompromising ultimatums of Beethoven expanding here to new horizons seem somewhat more just in the muscular pronouncements of A than in K's analytic statement, and immensely nearer truth in the superb Westminster sound than in the next-room similitude of Decca.

No. 12, in A flat ("Funeral March"), Op. 26. Three versions, Gieseking, Backhaus, and Kempff. The first provides pianism of chilly and contemptuous perfection, the second a matter-of-fact competence which underrates the sonata's tough but deceptive temper. Kempff's 1927 records seemed final in an understanding of this work, and his 1952 record is identical in all the major features of playing. In three versions there is no engineering saliency to provoke a choice in conflict with the choice of Kempff as interpreter.

No. 13, in E flat, Op. 27, No. 1. Two versions, with Kempff the master in a sonata very susceptible to his style, which sings here a moving cantabile and exhibits a crisp staccato of Rachmaninovian exactitude and point. The recording has somewhat more volume than the generality of the K discs.

No. 14, in C sharp minor ("Moonlight"), Op. 27, No. 2. Eight versions. K maintains his classic construction even in this fantasia. The unrelenting gravity

(*Continued on page* 60)

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"Dido," "Alceste" & "Phi-Phi"

ROLAND GELATT

AFTER August the deluge. Forthcoming next month, and the month after that, are enough new opera recordings to provide a season's repertoire for a major opera house. Just now, however, the record industry has decreed a lull. Only three new operas are at hand—and all of them, by some quirk, are inspired by the glory that was Greece.

Actually, the locale of "Dido and Aeneas" is Carthage, but as propounded by Purcell with an unerring nobility and restraint the affinity to Greece and to the Platonic ideal of moderation is unmistakable. Last year Thomas Heinitz reported here on the remarkable production of "Dido" in London's Mermaid Theatre with Kirsten Flagstad in the leading role, and he observed that the HMV company could do worse than commit this performance to records. Such has now been done, and RCA has lost no time in making it available (RCA Victor LHMV 1007, $5.95). Save for those who require a "Dido" snapping with brisk Englishry, this recording should satisfy in every particular. The one reservation imports no more than that the role of Dido is entrusted to a Norwegian, that of Belinda to a German (Elisabeth Schwarzkopf); though both are at ease with the language, neither enunciates with the crisp precision of a McCormack. Dido is not the role to give free rein to Flagstad's powers, but it is admirably suited to the purity and repose of her vocal declamation, and in its great aria "When I Am Laid in Earth" she imparts a ringing fervor that resounds in the memory long after the record has stopped. Fortunately, this is not the only complete opera recording that Flagstad will make; but if it were, it could stand as a worthy testimonial of her art.

Schwarzkopf is a fleet-voiced Belinda, Thomas Hemsley a robust Aeneas; Anna Pollak, as the Second Witch, has only a minor part to play, but she delivers her one pronouncement—"Our plot has took, the Queen's forsook"—with juicy gusto. The Mermaid Singers and Orchestra conducted by Geraint Jones perform with the kind of airy ensemble that denotes long preparation. A special word of praise is owing the typographical comeliness of the libretto.

From "Dido" it is an easy progression to Gluck's "Alceste," for each opera is rooted in the ancient world and each has been associated in recent years with the career of Kirsten Flagstad. Applied to the recording (Oceanic OCL 304, $17.95) made in Paris under the direction of René Leibowitz, however, that association has some unfortunate consequences. Perhaps if Flagstad's recent Metropolitan performances were not so freshly in mind, the singing of Ethel Semser would cut a wider swath in our esteem. As it is, the report must read that though she has the right declamatory style for the role of Alceste and phrases with distinction when the score makes no undue demands, in the upper registers finesse gives way to flurry and the quality of tone begins to shrill. The rest of the cast performs with a high degree of competence—in particular the tenor Enzo Seri, a youthful and ardent Admetus—and Leibowitz directs his forces in the manner appropriate to Gluck.

Flagstad as "Dido"—"a worthy testimonial."

SO FAR, the tenor of these remarks would seem to indicate modified rapture. What sways the final verdict into a fervent endorsement is the quality of the music itself, which in the end towers over any individual deficiencies of performance. Those who do not know this noble and moving score, the quintessence of Gluck's serene art, are urged to repair the omission. Its few arid passages, where Gluck merely goes through the motions of opera in the grand manner, are more than counterbalanced by its many evidences of great creative genius: the grief-stricken opening chorus ("Non, jamais le courroux céleste"), Alceste's exultant aria as she resolves on self-sacrifice ("Divinités du Styx"), the delicate Act II chorus "Parez vos fronts" followed by Alceste's searing "O dieux! Soutenez mon courage," a telling musical juxtaposition of gayety and dolor such as is met with often in life itself—these can be counted among the finest scenes in opera literature, and it is good to have them on record.

The final entry in this report, Henri Christiné's "Phi-Phi," rightfully belongs in Wilder Hobson's area of evaluation, but the temptation to include another vocal work with an ancient setting is not to be resisted. Do not feel poorly informed if neither the composer nor the work are familiar. "Phi-Phi" is an operetta that beguiled Paris in the hectic days after World War I, and its composer is accounted no higher than an accomplished craftsman working in a style part-Offenbach and part-Lehar. But however slight in substance, "Phi-Phi" gives off, in the excellent performance recorded by Vox (PL 30400, $5.95), a gayety and verve that quickly set the mind to retracing a favorite walk along the boulevards or to revisiting a particular cafe in Montmartre. Bourvil is cast as the sculptor Phidias, who becomes embroiled with an attractive and ambitious model, and he lavishes on his performance all the excesses and insinuating charm of the *grande vedette*.

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Mainly "Socrate"

THE prestige enjoyed by Satie's "Socrate" has been incredibly ineffective in bringing about performances of it, and we had long ago given up hope of anything so luxurious as its present achievement in vinylite under the Esoteric imprint (LP 510, $5.95). "Socrate" has none of the usual hurdles to surmount to become part of concert repertory, for its idiom is innocent of those contemporary complexities that are forbidding to the average listener and discouraging to the executant. Since Satie is its creator, it need not be labored that simplicity is its essence. Perhaps it is this simplicity, lending itself neither to display of virtuosity nor to massive, impassioned expression on the part of the performer, that is partly responsible for its absence from the repertory. But in all fairness, it should be added that there have been well-meaning conductors from time to time whose interest in performing "Socrate" has been frustrated by the near-impossibility of obtaining the orchestral material.

Meanwhile some of us devoted souls have had to be content with the piano-vocal score to draw out the memory of an isolated American performance, such as the one in Hartford in 1936, or a Parisian rendition. But the Esoteric recording, conducted with remarkable neatness by René Leibowitz, comes as a revelation of how much we have been missing all this time from the piano score. For Satie's colors, achieved with a modest chamber orchestra, play an enormous part in the total effect of the sparse handful of notes that his work embraces.

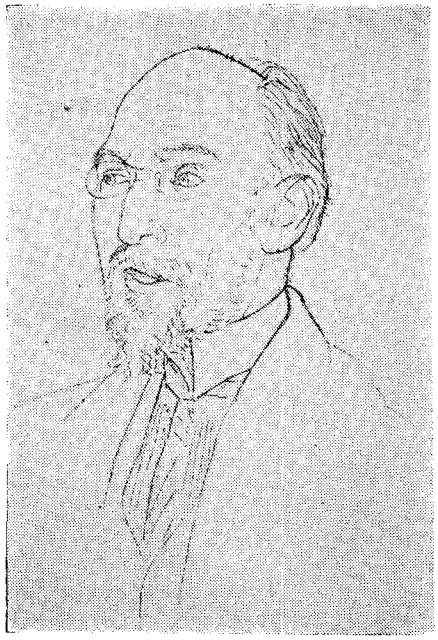
The rhythms, almost without exception, are derived from one combination of shorts and longs (quarters and eighths) and the harmonies rely much on the parallel, hollow fourths and fifths of twentieth-century modal diatonic writing. Like much of Debussy's "Pelléas," "Socrate" is entirely remote and unperturbed, requiring the listener to go out to meet it. As in "Pelléas," the vocal line is recitative, and enjoyment is maximum when words and music reach us as a single experience. The way in which the vocal line responds to each new idea in the text is very rewarding to apprehend.

The affinity to Debussy just about ends with this characteristic of prosody and a certain stylistic exterior that was native to the two contemporaries. Satie was always a step ahead of the compatriot he deeply admired with so much humility. Some of the harmony for which the archetypes of impressionism are accredited was used by Satie while they were still bound to the prevailing conservatory styles of their youth. In 1919 his "Socrate" was already abreast of Stravinsky's vital contemporary move to reinstate classical principles. The defiantly casual structural procedures of "Socrate" are far indeed from classical form or development. But musical texture had been scrubbed clean of romantic unctuousness and growth and of impressionistic whipped cream. In this pristine state it was ready for the fulfilment that Stravinsky ultimately brought about by embracing with it a wide area of musical resources.

Constricted as he was in his scope, Satie nevertheless succeeded in engaging the intellectually demanding listener by the sheer weight of the judgment and sophistication that entered into his decisions as to what to exclude. The most discriminating listener finds endless gratification in Satie's taste, the inevitable succession of his ideas, and the economy that makes the slightest change—an isolated high note, a new disposition of a chord—into a striking center of interest.

From Plato's "Dialogues" (in Victor Cousin's French) Satie, avoiding philosophic discussions, chose Alcibiades's eulogy of Socrates at the banquet, a dialogue between Socrates and Phaedrus on the banks of the Ilyssus, and Phaedo's account of the seer's death. There is tenderness in this text, particularly in the death scene. But it is prose narrative, and the music accordingly conveys emotions not as directly experienced, but as nostalgically recollected. The singing, all of it done by female voices, is, according to the composer's wish, to have the character of reading. Leibowitz elicits from his performers just the right atmosphere of sweet coolness for this affecting recitation, and he keeps the pace moving so that the singers never may yield to the temptation of making too much of any sentiment.

Satie called for four singers, but the nature of the work allows for a certain latitude in their number. Two are feasible and in the present case there are five. The fifth voice sings the lines of the servant which are quoted by Phaedo. In "The Death of Socrates," which is supposed to be for a single voice throughout, the Socrates of this recording also is heard, singing lines that Phaedo quotes. The effectiveness is in no way minimized by this device which has the advantage of reducing the taxing length of Phaedo's part. Even in curtailed form the part of Phaedo is not handled with equanimity by the singer on this recording. But the capacity of the singers taken as a whole is good, if not of the highest order, and the style is a delight, particularly the scrupulous adherence to the unaccented principle of French prosody. The relation of voice and instruments at the first entrance is a bit blurred, but the balance improves. The dominant dynamic level is low, and the first crescendo does not occur until the middle of the second part. Listeners who want to have a faithful account of this music are thus warned not to turn up the volume.



—*By Picasso.*

Satie—"remote and unperturbed."

IT IS a happy accident to find, among current releases to review with "Socrate," two works of Stravinsky that go very appropriately in its company, namely "Suite Italienne" (Bartok LP 908, $5.95) and the Sonata for Two Pianos (RCA Victor LM 1705, $5.72). "Suite Italienne" is an arrangement for violin and piano of movements from the ballet "Pulcinella," which had its *première* in Paris in 1920, just a few months after "Socrate" was first heard there. Satie, approaching the end of his days, had given his highest expression in "Socrate" to a musical purity that he had come upon in obscurity several decades earlier. Stravinsky, in the midstream of his career, had taken the first overt step towards establishing this purity as a twentieth-century ideal by turning back in "Pulcinella" to Pergolesi for the chaste eighteenth-century melodic content.

The character and dimension of the

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two composers are really very different, but there is a point where their paths cross. One observer has found a trace of Satie even in so recent a Stravinsky work as the two-piano sonata of 1944, in the accompaniment of the first variation. Played much more slowly, this might almost be the accompaniment of the first "Gymnopédie," but the difference of pace reflects the enormous separation between the "petit maître" and the "grand maître." Stravinsky achieves purity without going to the extent of Satie's deprivation, and even in so unassuming a work as this lovely sonata he is capable of a wealth of intricate detail.

The violin tone of Frances Magnes in the suite, with David Garvey as pianist, is nasal and the reading is aggressive, though admirably sure. Tibor Serly's sonata for violin alone, "In Modus Lascivius," on the reverse side, receives much more apposite treatment. It is discursive music relying mainly on textural changes, a few of them effective, such as the tremolos in the latter part of the Adagio and the pizzicatos of the third movement.

STRAVINSKY'S sonata is part of an intriguing assortment of "Twentieth Century Music" recorded by Whittemore and Lowe. Their performance of this work does not have the distinction of the earlier Concert Hall version of Fizdale and Gold on 78 rpm, but the list as a whole, in generally fluent readings, makes it a worthwhile LP. Poulenc's Sonata of 1918, originally for one piano, four hands, is a particularly welcome little rarity. In the days when Parisian composers carried on salon tricks in public it was quite *à la mode* to have the first pianist in a duet practically push his companion from the bench in reaching for a chord at the bottom of the keyboard. Such fun is wasted on a record audience, and it is just as well that this work has been recorded in the comfort of two pianos. Even so, there is still a great deal of fun for the listener in it.

"La Valse" for two pianos, on the same LP, is a curiosity. The fact that Ravel played it in public with Casella in this form before the orchestral version was heard does not convince me of its validity as a two-piano work, since such readings of new orchestral works are common, though they are apt to occur privately. Three pieces from Bartók's "Mikrokosmos," from a set arranged for two pianos by the composer, and excerpts from Copland's "Billy the Kid" are additional bounties of this selection, and there is a curious Bax piece, "The Poisoned Fountain."

—ARTHUR BERGER.

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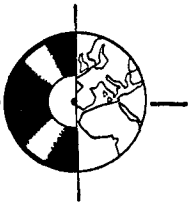

LONDON.

MIDSUMMER is upon us, with its musical summer schools, the Edinburgh Festival, ballet at the Royal Festival Hall, and, above all, the Proms at the Albert Hall. We tend to take the Proms for granted; they have become an institution, and the ceremonial of the last night of the season seems as firmly bound by tradition as the Lord Mayor's Show or the Opening of Parliament. There have been changes, of course, since the death of Sir Henry Wood, who had reared, nurtured, and sustained the Proms almost singlehanded for more than fifty glorious years. Nowadays the work is shared by four orchestras and several conductors, notably Sargent and Cameron. The performances are as a result slightly better than they used to be but the programs have become decidedly less adventurous. The continuing phenomenal popularity of this annual orgy baffles most of us. Why do people queue for hours in order to listen to an excessively long orchestral program, standing packed like sardines (with nurses always on the alert to carry away those who faint from the heat or from emotion at seeing Sir Malcolm), and yet stay away during the winter months when they could hear the same music, performed by the same artists (often with more adequate rehearsal), from a comfortable seat? Is it just our instinctive respect for institutions, the camaraderie of communal perspiring discomfort, or is it the sense of participation in the performance (for at a Prom the applause is very much part of the evening's fun, just as many people go to a football match to cheer their favorite team to victory rather than hoping to see a good game)? No one, I imagine, begrudges the Promenaders their annual feast, even if the educational value of these concerts tends to be exaggerated, but it is a pity that the complete absence of rival orchestral concerts in London "for the duration" should have become part of the tradition—hence the ballet season now in progress at the Royal Festival Hall.

In the record world silence still reigns about the microgroove plans of the EMI combine (HMV and Columbia) though I understand that the question of recording characteristics has now been settled transatlantically (in other words EMI will use much the same curves as are favored by its American associates), and it is now generally held that we shall see some 45-rpm discs as well as the LP issues in October.

Decca's newest LP list is much shorter than its predecessors and seems to suggest that this company intends to change over to a monthly release schedule to fall in with EMI's likely practice. At least two of the new orchestral discs are of really astonishing quality. I refer to Sibelius's First Symphony and Tchaikovsky's "1812" and "Hamlet" Overtures. Decca's latest advertisement contains an announcement which will greatly excite lovers of Mahler, informing us that this company recently recorded in Vienna "Das Lied von der Erde" with Walter conducting the Philharmonic, the soloists being Ferrier and Patzak.

The outstanding 78-rpm release for August is undoubtedly the Concerto for Double String Orchestra by Michael Tippett, the forty seven-year-old musical director of Morley College. This concerto, written in 1939, is his most successful work to date and has even been recorded previously by Schott & Sons, Tippett's publishers. Walter Goehr is the conductor in both recordings, but on HMV he enjoys the assistance of the Philharmonia Orchestra, and the recording, too, is a great improvement on its predecessor. The concerto is in three movements, a beautiful and passionately tender Adagio Cantabile being set in the frame of two vigorous Allegros, in which Tippett exploits to the full his love of complex rhythmic patterns derived from Tudor music. Altogether this is an invigorating and heart-warming composition for which we can feel grateful to the sponsors of the set, the British Council.

The London Baroque Ensemble, usually a smallish group, has in its latest issue grown into the London Baroque Wind Orchestra of thirty-nine players in order to rouse us with the "Marsch zur grossen Wachtparade," Beethoven's finest piece of military music (not counting the tenor solo in the Ninth Symphony, of course). This march, which dates from 1816 (the year of the Sonata, Op.101), is no pot-boiler, and Beethoven himself thought very highly of it. It is scored for a band containing no fewer than ten clarinets, six horns, and eight trumpets, while the music is a mixture of march, sonata, and rondo forms having as its central episode a brief "Hungarian" trio. It abounds with typically Beethovenian progressions and contains at least one flash of real genius when a trumpet fanfare cuts harshly into a passage of conventional modulation like a gleaming sword. This notable addition to the recorded Beethoven repertoire is magnificently played (the band contained a galaxy of London's leading wind players) under Karl Haas's firm and stylish direction. Parlophone's recording is most impressive.

ORGAN music by Mozart and Haydn is apt to be something of a rarity, but Fernando Germani has recorded for us the F minor Fantasia, K.608, on the organ of All Souls, Langham Place (readers familiar with London may like to be reminded that this is the church adjoining both Broadcasting House and the ruins of Queen's Hall), while Geraint Jones, continuing his series featuring the baroque organ of Steinkirchen, gives us eight little pieces for mechanical clocks by Haydn. The latter are delightful trifles played with charmingly stylized registration, but Mozart's Fantasia, though also intended for a mechanical clock, is a superb composition which the late Alfred Einstein called "an unceasing and mighty flow of melody, alive in every detail."

Columbia's latest issues include two by the distinguished South American pianist Claudio Arrau—Mozart's Sonata in B flat, K.570, and the popular Granados piece "La maja y el ruisenor" (the vocal version of which, sung by De los Angeles, has proved one of the best sellers of recent years). The Mozart receives a beautifully fluid performance which is excellently recorded but has, by the slavish observation of every single repeat, been stretched over six sides where four would have sufficed (they did suffice for Schnabel, at any rate). The Granados disc, which also includes Debussy's "La Puerta del Viño," is less cleanly recorded, but nevertheless shows this artist at his considerable best.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

* * *

SALZBURG.

THE International Society for Contemporary Music (ISCM) was founded thirty years ago in Salzburg by a group of young, enthusiastic musicians headed by Edward Dent. This year, from June 20 through the first days of July, the ISCM celebrated its more than a quarter century of activity by a large festival of orches-

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tral, choral, and chamber music of twenty-four nations. Most of the performers were as international as the programs, although the Vienna Symphony bore the brunt of the orchestral repertoire. Altogether there were ten orchestral or chamber-orchestral programs, four choral (church music) concerts, two organ recitals, and half a dozen evenings of chamber music. On paper it appeared to be a happy fortnight of well-earned celebration.

As matters turned out the whole festival was surrounded by an aura of discontent, poor box-office receipts, a lot of second- and third-rate music, and, towards the end of the event, real tragedy. The various international delegates of the ISCM congress met at first in ominous silence, but within a few days, like so many international conferences these days, the ISCM was the scene of a bitter internal fight; the (English) president resigned, and the (French) delegate who was to succeed him turned down the office unexpectedly at the last minute. At one point five of the sections (Austria, Germany, France, Italy, Belgium) were threatening to break off from the main group and form their own society. During the heated discussions more than one voice raised the question: Should the ISCM not be disbanded? Has it not outlived its purpose?

Judging from much of the music which we heard, the answer seemed to be "Yes." Germany sent the orchestra and chorus of Radio Frankfurt with a program of modern German music: uninspired, gaudy pieces, some of which labored along the well-trodden path of neo-classicism (Fortner, Hartmann, Egk), others of which experimented in tortured, twisted parodies of the twelve-tone scheme (Zillig). After hearing the cheap neo-Straussian "Allegria" by Germany's well-known Werner Egk, which concluded the concert, I thought to myself: Is this what Germany has come to, is this the heritage of Bach and Beethoven? Much of the programming seemed to slant towards twelve-tone compositions, but whether this is a real trend in postwar Europe—the distinct impression one received after a while—or whether the ISCM jury was one-sided in choosing the music, is a question that remains to be answered. After the cruel disappointment of the first all-German evening, the beautiful violin concerto by Zimmermann convinced one that musical talent in Germany is not quite dead. Despite a rather weak Finale, this mature, excellently orchestrated concerto was without any question the best German piece played in the festival. The conductor of this concert

(*Continued on page 65*)

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Recordings in Review

Beecham, Berlioz, Bewitchery

BERLIOZ: *"Harold in Italy." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; with William Primrose, viola.* (Columbia ML 4542, $5.45.)

OF Sir Thomas as a Berliozian we have had, on records, only snippets; inspired ones, it is true, such as the prewar "Damnation de Faust" excerpts or the postwar "Royal Hunt and Storm," but all of tantalizingly short duration. Satisfying as these were, they only succeeded—as one issue followed upon another—in whetting the ear for a recording by Sir Thomas of a major work by Berlioz. Here it is at last, in the form of a "Harold in Italy" to gladden the multitude of Beecham and Berlioz admirers alike.

The dry, neatly balanced orchestral tone which this conductor favors is as well known and justly esteemed as his poised and sophisticated sense of phrasing. And there is no need to celebrate these qualities further, except to observe how appropriate they are to a work like "Harold in Italy" with its undulating cantilena, its piquant daubs of color, its sudden and resounding tutti. "Harold" stands midway between the symphony and the concerto. Though the score specifies a solo viola, it requires that the instrument be played *with* the orchestra rather than *against* it. This poses a delicate adjustment of recording balance, which has been handled by Columbia's engineers very successfully. Indeed, throughout the recording they have contrived sound reproduction of uniformly high caliber that has captured well the variety and equipoise of Berlioz's instrumentation.

William Primrose has been so closely associated with this work—by way of an earlier recording (with Koussevitzky) and over the air (with Toscanini)—that a detailed elucidation of his rapport with the music is hardly necessary here. Partnered with Sir Thomas, he appears at his very estimable best. Between them they have scattered a plenitude of nuggets. Some may find the best prospecting in the "March of the Pilgrims," perhaps at the point where the solo viola executes a series of hollow-sounding arpeggios against a murmur from the double basses and a placid chorale from the winds. Others may find the ore richer in the "Orgy of Brigands," with its neatly drawn contours, its rhythmic acuity. But wherever found, the rewards are there—and in lively profusion.

Seven Orbs in One Suite

HOLST: *"The Planets." Sir Adrian Boult conducting the BBC Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor LHMV 1002, $5.95.)

IT is only a matter of time, I suppose, before some enterprising composer delivers himself of a "Flying Saucers Cantata" or a "Space Ship Symphony," but until such comes to pass Gustav Holst's "The Planets" will continue to hold first lien on our extra-terrestrial musical affections. Not that this regard is given without certain misgivings. Viewed as a total work of art, Holst's orchestral suite is large of dimension, lavish of tonal resource, often overwritten, sometimes banal. But along with the orotund fustian are some effective and compelling passages—the twittering fantasy of "Mercury," the trembling repose of "Neptune"—that have managed to save "The Planets" from oblivion in the orchestral dustbin. Boult, who conducted the first performance in 1918, performs with the surety of an *exécutant attitré,* and the HMV engineers have done full justice to the composer's resplendent orchestration.

Posthumous Schnabel

MOZART: *Concertos in D minor (K.466) and C minor (K.491). Artur Schnabel, piano, with Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Walter Süsskind.* (RCA Victor LHMV 1012, $5.95.)

THESE posthumous releases of the two great concertos in minor key can be put forward as evidence that no interpretation of Mozart ever quite measures up to the ideal in the mind's eye. In each there are moments, many of them, when one is tempted to affix the tag of perfection. But then will come a disappointment, a dip from the former eloquence, slight in duration, but enough to confirm that an imperfect world can produce only imperfect interpretations of Mozart.

In the D minor Concerto my admiration goes unstintingly to Schnabel for his insistently steady tempi, his crystalline articulation of passage-work in the left hand, his delicately weighted chords, his bubbling conception of the final movement; but I cannot wholly appreciate his matter-of-fact statement of the opening theme nor can I agree to the prevailing lack of legato in the first movement. The C minor Concerto (and what a masterpiece it is!) holds a more even interpretative course. Here the jarring note comes with the pianist's own cadenzas (in K.466 he uses Beethoven's). I am sure that Schnabel had reasons for composing these heavy, anachronistic cadenzas that range in style from Beethoven to Scriabin, but his reasons are not apparent to me. Such objections, however, are flecks on an otherwise brilliant surface, and in no wise do they detract from an enthusiastic endorsement of this pairing.

Süsskind's direction of the Philharmonia Orchestra is adequate, if not especially notable, and the same can be said for the work of the recording engineers.

A Dozen Years of Fauré

FAURE: *"Requiem." E. Bourmauck conducting Les Chanteurs de Lyon and Le Trigintuor Instrumental Lyonnais, with Suzanne Dupont, soprano, and M. Didier, baritone.* (Columbia ML 4529, $5.45.) *The same. René Leibowitz conducting the Paris Philharmonic Chorus and Orchestra, with Nadine Sautereau, soprano, and Bernard Demigny, baritone.* (Oceanic OCS 26, $5.95.)

"WHAT price progress?" the listener might well ask after hearing these two issues in succession, for there is little to choose—in point of reproduction—between the Oceanic-Leibowitz disc recorded last year and the Columbia-Bourmauck recorded before the war. Indeed, for definition of sound and balance between voices and orchestra the older recording has a slight edge over the newer. Oceanic's engineers may have been aiming for a spacious and vaulting church effect, but the resultant sound is too often blurry and ill-focused. Whether the spineless impression which this performance leaves is due wholly to the quality of reproduction or whether M. Leibowitz must share in the blame, is difficult to determine; the result, in any

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case, is not wholly satisfactory. Columbia's recording of Lyonnaise origin has been widely admired in the dozen years since it was first issued on five 78-rpm discs. Bourmauck manages to maintain an atmosphere of tranquility without lapsing into flabbiness, and the forces under his command are obviously steeped in the music; but excellent as the reproduction is considering its age, it still falls short of the best contemporary standards.

The field thus remains open for an entirely recommendable Fauré "Requiem." For some time there have been reports of one to be recorded by Nadia Boulanger. On the basis of a lecture-performance I once heard Mme. Boulanger give, with the aid only of a twangy piano and her own equally twangy voice, I should say that will be a recording worth waiting for.

For the LP Generation

DEBUSSY: *"Préludes," Book I;* also SCHUMANN: *"Kinderscenen." Alfred Cortot, piano.* (RCA Victor LHMV 1009, $5.95.)

THOUGH it may seem superfluous to commend an artist who has been making records for almost half a century, I suspect that for the LP Generation the names of such performers as Badura-Skoda and Friedrich Gulda carry considerably more weight than that of Alfred Cortot; wherefore this short homily, which may be skipped by the veterans whose record collections date back to the Twenties or Thirties.

For an introduction to the art of Cortot a better choice of repertoire could not have been found, for both Debussy and Schumann respond admirably to the poetic and imaginative pianistic style that is his forte. This is not the most agile reading of Debussy's "Préludes" available (and who would expect it from a musician celebrating his seventy-fifth birthday in September?) but it is one of cogency and memorable atmosphere, burnished with a luminous piano tone. In the "Kinderscenen" one could point to the plastic ebb and flow in "Glückes Genug," the honest tranquility of "Träumerei," the delicate balancing of lines in "Fast zu Ernst," or the furtively darting asides in "Fürchtenmachen" as evidences of a rapport with Schumann's musical rhetoric that has largely disappeared from the concert stage. Even in his younger days Cortot was not noted for meticulous articulation, and age has not furthered his precision. But to any strictures on this account he might well reply with Oscar Wilde's "I don't play accurately—any one can play accurately—but I play with wonderful expression." Respectable reproduction, a bit overburdened with bass.

Golden Age of Baritones

SCHUMANN: *"Dichterliebe." Pierre Bernac, baritone, and Robert Casadesus, piano.* (Columbia ML 2210, $4.)

LOEWE: *"Kleiner Haushalt" and other ballads. William Warfield, baritone, and Otto Herz, piano.* (Columbia ML 4545, $5.45.)

WOLF: *Sixteen songs from the "Italienisches Liederbuch." Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, and Hertha Klust, piano.* (Decca DL 9632, $5.85.)

IT COULD easily be argued that with respect to vocal talent ours is an age blessed with bassos in the opera house and baritones in the recital hall. Certainly the triumvirate represented in these lieder issues is as accomplished a group as any that flourished in prewar years. Presented with such evidence, it would be hard to maintain that the art of the lied is in serious decline.

There is a facile and dangerous temptation to apply the thumb-rule of nationalism to musical judgment, a temptation in which all of us at one time or another have been entrapped. French music for French musicians, we say, and are then hard put to explain how a Gieseking can perform miracles with Debussy and Ravel, or a Beecham with Chabrier and Bizet. And just as we are telling ourselves that only a tradition-bred partnership like Lehmann and Walter can distil the true poetry of the Schumann lied, there comes along a pair of French musicians (in this case Bernac and Casadesus, yesterday Panzéra and Cortot) who show a like degree of consanguinity with the essentials of Schumann's writing. Pierre Bernac's celebrated respect for word values is as much in evidence in German as in his native tongue; of the many "Dichterliebes" on record this one does perhaps the most justice to Heinrich Heine. But the virtues are musical as well. The gracious lilt of "Ich will meine Seele Tauchen" and the insinuating rhythmic precision of "Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen" will come as revelations even to those who know these songs by heart, and in the disbursal of praise the pianist shares equally with the singer. Inevitably, a few debits need to be entered—a too-hectic "Die Rose, Die Lilie," a lack of full-bodied utterance in "Aus alten Märchen"—but the total result is indeed impressive. First-rate recording: well-rounded piano tone, fine balance.

William Warfield—"a singer of stature."

That William Warfield is a singer of sumptuous endowment can no longer be news, but not until now have his capabilities been given full scope in the medium of recording. The five Loewe ballads he has chosen (all but one new to domestic catalogues) comprise a kind of vocal steeplechase, and in his appointed course Warfield proceeds without a stumble. A singer who can carry off the delicate patter and tripping tempo of "Kleiner Haushalt" and bring such a kaleidoscopic array of color to "Hochzeitlied" is not only destined for great things but is doing them today. If the emphasis in this report seems to be on vocal prowess, that is not to imply musical shortcomings nor to minimize Warfield's feeling for the Loewe idiom; it merely affirms that he is a singer of stature as well as a singer of songs.

Those who have treasured Volume IV of the Hugo Wolf Society records, the one devoted to the "Italienisches Liederbuch," will find in Decca DL 9632 a close similarity not only in selection of material but in manner of delivery, for Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau is reminiscent of Gerhard Hüsch both in vocal timbre and interpretive style. If he does not quite meet the Hüsch standard, it is because of his habit of mooning over a silken phrase and relaxing the flow of melody to a point where the tempo becomes obscured. But this is not a serious indictment, and at least it indicates that Fischer-Dieskau has the silken tone with which to moon. The accompaniment is routinely proficient, the recording (by Deutsche Grammophon) inferior to that proffered by Columbia.

—ROLAND GELATT.

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Sonatas Nos. 4, 5, and 6. Yehudi Menuhin, violin, and Louis Kentner, piano. RCA Victor LHMV 1017, $5.95.	Not the most interesting Bach (these are the works in C minor, F minor, and G minor of the Cöthen period), but the playing by Menuhin and Kentner is unflaggingly alert and zestful, with less of rasp in this violinist's tone than has sometimes been the case. Fine balance.
Bartók: "Three Rondos on Folk Tunes." etc. Lili Kraus, piano. Decca DL 4011, $2.50.	A charming addition to the Bartók literature, reproducing with the benefits of contemporary recording the older issue of Kraus on Parlophone. Sensitive art, wholly appropriate to the material. The "Rumanian Folk Dances" are on Side Two. No annotations of any kind in this Decca series.
Beethoven: Romances in G and F. Joseph Fuchs, violin, with Little Orchestra conducted by Thomas Scherman. Decca DL 4004, $2.50.	Highly attractive pairing of Beethoven's complementary works for violins and orchestra, with Fuchs an excellent voice for them. However, his tone is a good deal more de luxe than that of the orchestra, the integration of the two elements somewhat less than complete. Fine robust sound, clear and well focused. The remark about annotations above applies here as well.
Beethoven: "Creatures of Prometheus." Eduard van Beinum conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. London LL 557, $5.95.	Wonderfully rich reproduction of Van Beinum's vital feeling for this atypical but highly satisfying Beethoven. The overture, indeed, is given with almost Weingartnerian fulness and breadth, the various dance episodes splendidly animated. However, this version omits a number of episodes included in the complete survey by Goehr and the Winterthur Orchestra in Concert Hall's two-disc set 1063. In every other way it is far fuller sound, more satisfying listening.
Brahms: Sonata in E minor (No. 1). Gaspar Cassado, cello, and Otto Schulhof, piano. Remington R-149-53, $1.69.	An LP first time, with Cassado performing in muscular forthright style and Schulhof working well with him at the piano. The work has its longish intervals of form filling, but it is well played and quite up to contemporary standards of recording. At the price quoted it is a decidedly worthwhile investment.
Brahms: Quartets in A minor and B flat. Curtis String Quartet. Westminster WL 5152, $5.95.	A wholly successful experiment by Westminster in utilizing its European experience to produce first-rate quality in a recording originating on this side of the ocean. To my taste, the sound is more notable than the playing, which is fluent, energetic, and finely integrated, but a little lacking in interpretative direction. A more careful plan of dynamics, a stronger sense of leadership from the first violin would be welcome.
Dvorak: Symphony No. 4 in G. Rafael Kubelik and the Philharmonia Orchestra. RCA Victor LHMV 1014, $5.95.	With versions by Walter and Szell already available this is a debatable luxury for the phonophile, though it is eminently well played, reproduced with firmness of texture, clarity of detail, and evenness of balance. As performance, my preference remains with Walter.
Handel: Concerti Grossi Nos. 9 (in F) and 10 (in D minor). Boyd Neel and his orchestra. London LS 585, $4.95.	Fine-sounding addition to the gradually accumulating series, long promised and finally approaching completion (Nos. 11 and 12 of Opus 6 remain to be released). As always, Neel's work is more thorough than spectacular, but it is indeed thorough.
Handel: Concertos for Strings and Winds in F and B flat. Lavard Friisholm conducting the Orchestra of the Collegium Musicum, Copenhagen. Haydn Society HSL 1049, $5.95.	Those devoted to the "Water Music" and similar manifestations of Handel's ceremonial style will find an unfamiliar expression of it in these strongly individual works. "Unfamiliar" is a relative term at that, for the F major score contains paraphrases of material from "Messiah," "Belshazzar," and "Semele." The performances may be described as considerate rather than enlivening, some of the higher horn parts a trial for the players. Studio-type recording, without much resonant background.
Haydn: Symphony in G (No. 88). Fritz Busch conducting the Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LHMV 1019, $5.95.	It is hard to imagine a more composed, satisfying playing of this work than is provided by the late Busch and his excellent orchestra. Some of the snap and dash of the Philadelphia or NBC versions may be lacking, but the style is more consistent than Ormandy's or Toscanini's. Mozartians will welcome the equally excellent version of Symphony No. 36 ("Linz") which shares the disc. Both are keenly reproduced.
Mozart: Quartet in F (K.370). Harold Gomberg, oboe, with string trio. Decca DL 9618, $5.85.	Lively, tasteful playing of the favorite oboe quartet enhanced by a second side devoted to a sonata in C minor and a partita in E minor by Telemann. The latter's broadly melodic style, with the contrapuntal verging on the homophonic, is well worth knowing. Excellent reproduction save for the rather obscure place assigned to the harpsichord played by Claude Jean Chiasson.
Puccini: Arias from "Bohème," etc. Renata Tebaldi, soprano. Decca DL 4005, $2.50.	By no means the best of Tebaldi, vocally, though she is a fervent interpreter of "Si, mi chiamono Mimi" and "Donde lieta usci," as well as "La mamma morta" ("Andrea Chenier") and "Ebben, ne andra lontana" ("La Wally") on the second side of the ten-inch disc. The sound suggests a series of casual takes, which could have been improved, in pitch accuracy and phrasing, with a little more expenditure of time. The "La Wally" aria is the best of the four, really worthy of her reputation. Generally good sound. No orchestras or conductor are indicated.
Sibelius: Symphony No. 1 in E minor. London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Anthony Collins. Decca LL 574, $5.95.	One of the noisiest performances of a Sibelius symphony known to me, with the tympani of the first and fourth movements pounded to excess. Much of the quieter music is beautifully played, but if this is the way Sibelius meant the fast movements to sound, everybody other than Collins plays them wrongly. The recording has fine responsiveness to the rather exaggerated extremes of the conductor's treatment, but the Stokowski is a more balanced, artistic product.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5 in E minor. Guido Cantelli conducting the Orchestra of La Scala, Milan. RCA Victor LHMV 1003, $5.95.	In the numerous string of bright reports set off in HMV's first American list, this strikes me as a relative dud. Nothing about it (save Cantelli's name) suggests a real reason for American issue, for the direction is rather angular and dry, the playing without idiomatic flair or virtuosity, the reproduction no more than workmanlike. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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WEST COAST REPORT

(*Continued from page 43*)

hear about the abundant fare provided by such centers as the University of Southern California and the University of California at Los Angeles. You know about the stimulating programs of the Music Guild and the adventurous ones of the "Evenings on the Roof," and you relate the profusion of chamber music offered in a Los Angeles season to the abundance of excellent musicians available to play it, and the hard core of public that supports it. But the mind insists on wondering whether Beethoven's "Pastorale" Symphony can compete with the actuality that every day provides, whether even Glazounow's "The Seasons" can strike a chord of response among those who live in disdain of such inconveniences. You are confronted by the memory of the battered old Ibach piano in the living room of the late Arnold Schoenberg's home, the even more battered Story and Clark upright in his studio, and try to balance it against the advertisements in the papers of auction sales offering Blüthner and Erard grand pianos "in rosewood and satinwood cases" from one Santa Monica estate, or the "Steinway grand and superb oriental rugs" formerly owned by Marguerite O'Dowd, or the *objets d'art* from the premises of Joe Pasternack about to be knocked down to the highest bidder.

DOUBTLESS those who know this area much better than I have resolved these confusions and contradictions to their satisfaction. You gaze at the giant towers marching in with their cheap electric power from Hoover Dam and observe the absence of smoke and dirt in the air, while recalling that it is possible to keep clean without half trying. You look at the pictures of Hollywood Bowl then (1922) and now (1952) and marvel. Certainly I have never seen a healthier group of musicians than the Los Angeles Philharmonic as it rehearsed a recent Bowl program with Igor Stravinsky. You remember suddenly that you have heard little about "tradition," "history," or "the past" in any discussions about anything. Mostly what you hear is tomorrow, next year, ten years hence. Considering all this, one is almost minded to ignore all the nagging inconsistencies and become as lyrical about "the future" as the native, or transplanted, Angelinos. Almost, that is, for the true faith is the badge of residency, and I have not earned mine yet.

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HITS AND MISSES

IF MARLENE DIETRICH were to sing "Yes, We Have No Bananas" in Swahili, the result would probably suggest the great sadnesses of recent Germany coupled with the high feminine persuasions of the singer herself. That is the kind of musician she is; like Louis Armstrong, she is no tool of her material but breathes her remarkable individuality and subtle vocal command into everything she does. It is no wonder that during the last war the OSS sought her out to sing in German to the Reich, and an admirable long player has now been made of several of the songs she offered at that time, "Marlene Dietrich Overseas" (Columbia GL105, $3.60). Save for the celebrated "Lilli Marlene," they are all American songs with German lyrics by Lothar Metzl, whose conceptions sometimes follow the American scheme and sometimes depart from it. "Mean to Me" abjures the lover to take his girl seriously, as she is taking him. "Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More" is a German version of the well-known sentiment. "The Surrey with the Fringe on Top" becomes a muted meeting of lovers at tea after a sleigh ride. And there are versions of "Time on My Hands," "Taking a Chance on Love," "Miss Otis Regrets," and "I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night" I can never experience Miss Dietrich's delicate mastery of the siren utterance and the sense of the forlorn without thinking of the cheap blatancy with which Hollywood has misused her talents.

While in the vocal area I may say I agree completely with the rising sentiment toward the ballad "High Noon" from Gary Cooper's new and excellent Western of the same name. As of going to press, the number has begun to appear toward the bottom of the "best" lists, but it may be predicted that before many weeks it will be the nation's top song. It is one of those cultural freaks—a deceptively simple and tenaciously lingering folk-style melody written by a highly sophisticated musician, in this case Dmitri Tiomkin of Hollywood. Over an implacable bolero drum-beat the lyric establishes the pathos of the retiring cow-town sheriff who puts aside his honeymoon, having decided that he must stay in office long enough to face the murderous bad man who is returning on the noon train. The tune has real romantic staying power and some very ingratiating irregularities of phrase-length. There will be dozens of recorded versions, but I can strongly recommend that of Tex Ritter who sings the piece in the film (Capitol 2120, 89¢).

Next: the Irish. John Ford's forthcoming motion picture "The Quiet Man" contains a number of Irish favorites which are sung with proper tremor and lift by Merv Griffin ("Selections from The Quiet Man," RCA Victor LPM 3089, $3.15). If Griffin is no John McCormack it remains a fact that few are, and that a willingness to settle for a good journeyman tenor is part and parcel of true Irish musical appreciation. The point is to have a few drinks and then indulge oneself—which is easy for me. In his highly agreeable voice Mr. Griffin imparts my own choice of all the Irish

schmalz, Dr. Arthur Colahan's "Galway Bay," with its proud rebuke to Albion. And he goes on to "Isle of Innisfree," "The Humor Is on Me Now," "The Wild Colonial Boy," "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen," "The Kerry Dance," "Mush Mush Mush Tural I Addy," and Thomas Moore's bewitching "The Young May Moon"—

"And the best of all ways to lengthen
our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night,
my dear."

I pity the stern monomaniacs, obsessed with Monteverdi or Bunk Johnson, who can't have pleasure with this stuff.

The recent recrudescence of New Orleans-style jazz may be traced in no small part to Lu Watters's Yerba Buena Jazz Band, who made their first recordings, now classics, in San Francisco in December 1941. This session is currently available on a single long player under the name of the band (Good Time Jazz LP-8, $3.) and it may be noted that the young devotees who hark back to King Oliver and other members of the New Orleans colored hierarchy were Watters and Bob Scobey, cornets; Turk Murphy, trombone; Ellis Horne, clarinet; Clancy Hayes and Russ Bennett, banjos; Wally Rose, piano; Dick Lammi, tuba; and Bill Dart, drums.

THE pieces are cleanly and powerfully played—from "Maple Leaf Rag" to "Georgia Camp Meeting"—but I have the same feeling about them that struck me when Edward Nichols first sent me some of these discs. For me the band is a little too stiff, too earnest and doctrinaire to represent the New Orleans tradition with the proper lyric ease. There is a bit too much chugging and not enough instrumental singing. It has repeatedly been observed here that the later records of the Turk Murphy and Bob Scobey bands are quite free from this sort of criticism. The Pacific school have learned the lessons of the Delta. But perhaps I am being captious about the Lu Watters performances; there is a lot of stimulation to be had from the new LP.

In 1950 Fletcher Henderson suffered a cerebral hemorrhage which led to the drastic paralysis of the veteran jazz pianist and arranger. In his honor and assistance the original Benny Goodman trio got together in April 1951, and made a radio program with the disc jockey Martin Block on New York's WNEW. The music is now issued on a long player dedicated to the Fletcher Henderson Fund (Columbia GL516, $4.85). In his band and in his time Henderson has had some very distinguished aid, and he gets it here from an impeccable company. In addition to the Goodman clarinet, the Teddy Wilson piano, and the drums of Gene Krupa, there are interpolations from Buck Clayton, trumpet; Lou McGarity, trombone; Eddie Safranski, bass; and John Smith, guitar. The playing is of the supple, lucid, utterly brilliant sort that one expects from the Goodman chamber music atelier, and there are fast things like "China Boy" and slower things like "Body and Soul" and "Rose Room." And so, a health to Fletcher Henderson.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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Two Concertos

SIBELIUS: *Violin Concerto in D minor, Opus 47. Camilla Wicks, violin, with Radio Stockholm Orchestra conducted by Sixten Ehrling.* (Capitol P 8175, $4.98.)

DVORAK: *Piano Concerto in G minor, Opus 33. Friedrich Wührer, piano, with Vienna Symphony conducted by Rudolf Moralt.* (Vox PL 7630, $5.95.)

HOWEVER one may rank Sibelius as a symphonist, it must be acknowledged that in his Opus 47 he has fashioned a durable and absorbing violin concerto, one that belongs to the late romantic tradition and yet speaks a poetry all its own. That it should have waited this long for adequate representation on LP is only one further anomaly in a highly anomalous industry. Camilla Wicks, an American violinist in her early twenties, has won considerable acclaim playing this concerto in Helsinki, and it is clear from this disc that the Finns know whereof they applaud. I have heard interpretations of more startling technical *éclat*, but none more cogent or better attuned to the peculiar idiom of the music. Miss Wicks has been particularly well served by the recording, which attempts neither to glamorize nor magnify. Sixteen Ehrling and the Stockholm players show an expectable awareness of Sibelius's Northern style, and the over-all quality of reproduction is up to Capitol's usual high standard.

Although the Messrs. Clough and Cuming list a wartime Telefunken issue of Dvorak's Opus 33 in their encyclopedia, they can supply the record numbers only on the basis of rumor. To all intents and purposes, then, Vox has filled a phonographic lacuna with the Dvorak item listed above. For this, felicitations are in order. However, a hearing of the G minor Concerto bears out only too well the various indictments that have been leveled at this early Dvorak score. It is, just as the history books affirm, a disjointed, ineffective, and generally tedious effort—certainly a far cry from the meaningful thing Dvorak was to make of concerto form when he addressed himself to the Cello Concerto later in life. —R. G.

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MOZART: Sonata in F Major K533 with Rondo K494, Adagio in B Minor K540, Fantasy and Fugue in C Major K394, Rondo in D Major K485. Badura—Skoda, Piano. Recorded at the Kunsthisterischen Museum Vienna on a piano built by Anton Walter around 1785. WL 5153

MOZART: Sonata in F Major K533 with Rondo K494, Adagio in B Minor K540, Fantasy and Fugue in C Major K394, Rondo in D Major K485. Badura—Skoda, Piano. Same Program as WL 5153 Played on a Modern Piano. WL 5154

BRAHMS: Quintet in B Minor for Clarinet and Strings Op. 115. Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet, Leopold Wlach—Clarinet. WL 5155

FAURE: Sonata in A Major for Violin and Piano Op. 13, Sonata in E Major for Violin and Piano Op. 108. Jean Fournier—Violin, Ginette Doyen—Piano. WL 5156

OCTOBER RELEASE

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KEMPFF & THE THIRTY-TWO

(*Continued from page 47*)

of his first movement seems new and is noble, while the finale, confined to dynamics prescribed by the first and central movements, culminates their milder message instead of blasting it. This is a calm and valuable re-examination of a battered piece of music. Gulda on London plays the more intense and conventional interpretation beautifully; Appelbaum plays well, but not that well, and Appelbaum, as usual, benefits by the best engineering. One of these three recordings will serve as well, if differently, as another.

No. 15, in D ("Pastoral"), Op. 28. Only two versions of this cheerful delectation. Sandor on Columbia plays with affectionate appreciation, but his sparkle is more mechanical, less elegant, than K's shapely coruscations. But the recording (1949) of Columbia is superior to this Decca flawed by a brittle treble and trifling bass.

No. 16, in G, Op. 31, No. 1. Three versions. The successive moods of an effervescent sonata which cannot stay serious are fixed with an equivalent seizure of their essence by Messrs. Kempff and Appelbaum, with K's froth arching with more grace and the sound of the A piano rolling out with a lot more conviction. An ornamental work; and for music-lovers who insist on the highest polish for ornaments, K is imposed. By others the sturdier sonic conveyance of A will probably be preferred.

No. 17, in D minor ("Tempest"), Op. 31, No. 2. Four versions. K's masterpiece of immaculately controlled scansion, a *sotto voce* lyric poem punctuated with dramatic interjections whose lack of violence sharpens their gift of incipient awe, must displace the beautiful but less seizing and compact performance of Guiomar Novaes for Vox, which formerly held first place. K's mastery in this sonata seems final: it is a pity that he was not accorded more sound in the finale.

No. 18, in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3. The extraordinary fluent suavity of Artur Rubinstein has been creditably registered by the Victor engineers, but the untouchable pianism makes no musical point. Decca has not been so wholehearted with sound for Kempff in the only other edition, but the K imagination puts the K pianism roundly in the service of Beethoven in a dashing performance of architectural design and exuberant romantic detail—a feat not for beginners, nor for many masters.

No. 19, in G minor, Op. 49, No. 1. Two versions. An easy victory for Kempff in an easy romp over the easy terrain of an unpretentious miniature landscape. The light volume hurts little here, but there is a background noise of some consequence.

No. 20, in G, Op. 49, No. 2. Two versions. The observations attached to No. 19, above, apply here equally, except that the background noise is normal for the Kempff series—oppressive with a high output from the amplifier, tolerable at low output.

No. 21, in C ("Waldstein"), Cp. 53. Five versions. Kempff's rondo is backed by a concept that seems mystic, but this is of little importance in a recording too weak to express the sonata. Backhaus on London has the playing honors, with a plangent treble that will not please; and Appelbaum's reasonable interpretation has the best sound.

No. 22, in F, Op. 54. Two versions. Another facile triumph for Kempff brilliantly underlining the contradictions of a formless sonata by skilfully opposing rough and sullen interjections to a faultlessly poised narration.

No. 23, in F minor ("Appassionata"), Op. 57. Six versions. Fervents of this must hear Kempff. It is unlikely that they will prefer another. The most frankly and recognizably impassioned of the sonatas in a linear and comparatively subdued progression obtains an intensity of sentiment without a hint of striving, without violence, and without deviation from a formal course. By diminishing contrasts K increases effect, as anger is more telling when low-voiced. Eschewing the usual excessive speed in the finale, and smoothing the route by a most orderly impact, he parallels the inexorable, stately disorder of Racine. Frugoni and Appelbaum are commendable, but not like this; and their superior recording cannot outweigh K's superb exposition.

No. 24, in F sharp, Op. 78. Three versions. K cuts a pretty cameo in this light recording, and perhaps that is right for Op. 78; but the bolder and rougher responsiveness of Appelbaum for Westminster is borne by a rich and dynamic recording which requires no cameo apologies.

No. 25, in G, Op. 79. Two versions. The equivalent gay gallantry of Kempff and Backhaus (London) indicates no choice. The London sound is bigger than Decca's, and harder in the treble. If true bass is desired it will not be found on the Decca, and will come with a hum on the London. This is a draw, or Decca by a hair.

No. 26, in E flat ("Farewell, Absence, and Return"), Op. 81a. Four of the five versions are good. Kempff and Novaes win a separate consideration for their excelling and amusingly divergent translations of the seductive and sentimental flattery of the sonata. K's sparkling agility reflects the jewels in the arch-

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ducal coronet, and his ringing major chords celebrate a fitting Hapsburgian pomp; Novaes's tender warmth commemorates a friend named Rudolph. The Decca sound is above average for the series, and has a better treble, if weaker bass, than the Vox.

No. 27, in E minor, Op. 90. Two versions. The competition is decidedly advantageous to Kempff, who displays a subtle sonata with the same subtlety that he demonstrated on a record twenty-five years ago. More bass and volume here than average for the Decca-Kempff sound.

No. 28, in A, Op. 101. Two versions. The delicate finesse of Kempff's manipulation of the caprices in this music—particularly in the finale—recalls Gieseking at his very best, and is not equaled on the rival disc.

No. 29, in B flat ("Hammerklavier"), Op. 106. Four versions. K's eloquence is grand and everywhere patent, but the timid recorded sound is incompetent to transmit the tumult of a gigantic struggle. Furthermore, the performance of young Gulda on London is truly grand and emotionally completer than K's; it is the "Hammerklavier" that people should hear (even with its gloomy low-frequency noise and adagio divided into halves, as London has seen fit to present it).

No. 30, in E, Op. 109. Four versions. A more lucid explanation than Kempff's, of a sonata not always perspicuous, is not easy to find, and the chiseled proportions he has contrived are not on another record. But the sound is inadequate for the sonata, and the good Demus on a true-sounding Remington is recommended, provided that the disc be found in a new and smooth Remington pressing.

No. 31, in A flat, Op. 110. Five versions. These are differently good performances, with Casadesus perhaps a little too spry and Gulda suffering from rumble. Appelbaum and Demus are the most direct, and Kempff's poetry is the least aggressive, as clear as C's but more consequential in its nimbleness. The Decca recording is more outspoken than usual, the Appelbaum sound the truest of all. Appelbaum or Kempff.

No. 32, in C minor, Op. 111. Five versions. It is amusing and perhaps instructive that the most publicized pianists are shy of displaying their conquest of the interpretive challenges of the Sonata of Sonatas. None of these recordings is to be considered as ultimate, but the playing of Lateiner, long in breath, big, poignant in the Arietta, intense but unexaggerated in intonation, earns preference over the others. (The low-level sound and inadequate bass of the Kempff piano put his version out of contention.) Lateiner has been engineered (by Columbia) to good effect if less excellently than Appelbaum; but the Appelbaum performance is not so telling.

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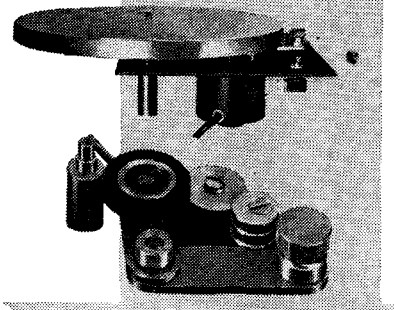

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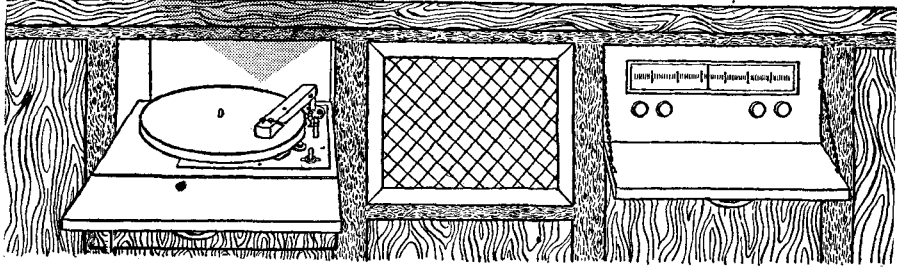

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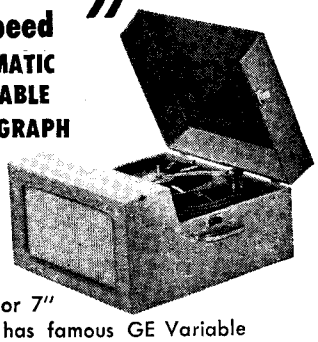

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Many people, mistakenly, take high fidelity to mean merely an extended range of very high tones in phonograph or radio, where before they were missing. Mistakenly, because—whatever the slant of meaning—high fidelity involves all of the sound (high, low, and medium), and that whether we speak from the engineer's or the musician's point of view. We can hazard a beginning definition of the ubiquitous term as a high degree of faithfulness in the electrical reproduction of sound. Good, as far as it goes. But if we are to understand the grandly fuzzy concept of good music, good listening, and good engineering envisioned by hi-fi in the large—adjective and noun—we will go further. Hi-fi not only "means," but "is".

First, let us understand that High Fidelity is a hobby area, a thriving business, a conglomeration of custom-designed cabinetry, of tubes and dials, tangles of wire and pounds of solder, not to mention miles of tape and shelves of records. More than that, it is a way of thinking, a means of emotional catharsis and of creative activity. Hi-fi is a big-time hobby backed by a serious art and a profitable industry. For this we need a term of flamboyance, a good Americanism. Could we do better?

With that granted, look more closely at hi-fi sound. Faithfulness to what? To an "original," of course. As far as the listener is concerned that original can never be other than imagined. We do not normally hear the actual performances of which our records and broadcasts are facsimiles, and thus we have no direct and objective means of comparison. High fidelity for us listeners is necessarily faithfulness to an imagined original. If the sound seems right, if it is appropriate and realistic according to our inner standards of comparison, then we rightly and appropriately approve of it as a faithful sound.

The trouble with this conception, which is rigidly necessary, is that our imaginations are too good. We can do far more than supply a mental original for comparison—we can re-create a large part of the music in imagination even from an obviously faulty reproduction, a mere sound sketch of its basic sense. To an experienced listener, Bach on a miniature portable is supremely faithful and more than adequate as a stimulus for creative inner listening. In this sense, reproduced music is not literal, nor is high fidelity a form of electrical perfection. The engineer's function as an imagination-stimulator is not the easiest thing to define!

But look at the engineer's own hi-fi. For him, high fidelity is faithfulness to the literal sound as picked up by the microphone. An objective, literal, and measurable exactitude, one would think. But is this an acceptable hi-fi for the rightful consumer, who hears music? If the mike picks up a sound that is musically unnatural in the first place—it often does—then we have faithful transferal of a basic distortion and no high fidelity at all. The technicians themselves put no rigid limitation on the term, for they are the first to speak of natural, realistic reproduction, in terms of musical pleasure, as their aim.

HI-FI, then, must compose the imaginative and the technical necessities. It must strive for the all-desirable literal reproduction of the picked-up music (though the laws of acoustics will not allow it in our listening rooms, however perfect the transmission) and it must equally account for the musical necessities and the historical, the cultural background—for one does not listen to string quartets in cathedrals nor symphonies in drawing rooms. A part of musical faithfulness is in the acoustics of every recording and broadcast, as witness Studio 8H. The complexities on both sides are immense and take cooperation of a high order between the musician and the engineer.

A beautifully suggested imagined original, creating that sense of "presence" which puts the imagined performers and, even more, the imagined composer, seemingly before our very ears; a reproduced sound that is technically low in the distortions, harmonic, intermodulation, transient, non-linear, that re-creates the contrived illustion of music itself with physical exactness—this is high fidelity at its present best. It makes a splendid hobby.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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Concert of Soft Moans

EDGAR M. VILLCHUR

ONE OF the most widely used musical devices of our era is the assembly of electronic equipment employed by the modern crooner. This device is not generally thought of as a musical instrument, but it could be validly described as such because it has its own characteristic quality of sound. As a musical instrument it is unusual in that, like the kazoo, it derives its vibratory energy from the voice mechanism of its player. Crooning is not singing in the rigorous meaning of that term, but use of the voice apparatus as the primary sound generator of a complex instrument which includes, as essential elements, a microphone, an amplifier, and one or more loudspeakers.

Musical instruments (with a few exceptions in the percussive group) contain two component systems: a vibrating source, such as a reed or stretched string, and a resonator or resonators which give the tone volume and quality. The human voice mechanism is also designed on this pattern. The vocal cords comprise the vibrating element, and the resonating chambers of the body, when properly controlled, are able to select and emphasize various overtones of the sound in such a way as to create a tone with a rich and satisfying harmonic structure.

The crooner abandons the traditional use of the vocal cords and resonating chambers. He substitutes for the full singing voice a sort of moan which changes the role of the body resonators and is inadequate in power for a public performance, but which is of sufficient intensity to serve as the input stimulus of a public-address system. His voice without amplification is ineffectual, like a piano with its sounding board removed, or the vibrations of cello strings stretched on a denuded frame.

The whispers, sighs, and soft moans of the crooner have a quality associated with relaxed effort. The mannerisms of delivery, the pronunciation of lyrics, the timbre, attack, and intonation of tones are all peculiar to the quiet speaking voice and to the casual performance. But the whispers are those of a monster; they are of concert hall volume or louder. Such sounds could never have existed before the age of amplification. They are no more equivalent to a full voice of the same loudness than the sound of an oboe reed, played softly into a microphone and amplified, would be equivalent to the sound of an oboe.

In addition to the incongruous association of concert hall volume with a style of singing suited more to private lullabies than to public entertainment, the perceived tonal structure of the crooner's voice is radically altered by the increase in sound intensity. It has been experimentally established that the relative sensation of loudness of the various frequency components of a sound is strongly affected by the level of over-all sound intensity. The result is to give the fundamentals and lower overtones of the crooner's voice much greater prominence than they would have had at their original volume. Sound which is amplified, however faithfully, cannot have the same apparent timbre as the softer original. Furthermore amplification is never faultless. The crooner's voice must always be passed through necessarily imperfect electronic and electroacoustic transmission media, whose distorting characteristics further influence the tone of the complete system.

IT is a contradiction of terms to speak of hearing a "live" performance of crooning. The crooner works with an electronically created sound. He cannot be called upon to give impromptu performances in random places, since he can only express himself through an amplifying system. If he has a good sense of pitch he can dispense with accompaniment in an emergency, but he cannot do without a microphone. Like the publicity photographs of an instrumentalist which show him holding his violin or flute, pictures of the crooner show him hugging his microphone.

Whether for good or for ill, a new musical instrument has been created.

Edgar M. Villchur teaches a course in sound reproduction at New York University.

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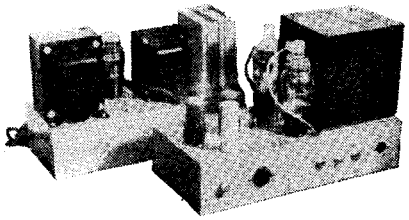

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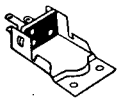

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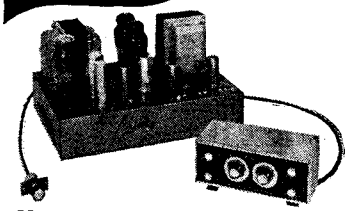

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Pop Roundup

THE standard musical-comedy repertoire is steadily finding its way onto LP discs with the occasional stimulus of a stage or screen revival. And new shows, even the flops and moderate successes, invariably get an original-cast waxing (or should we say "taping"?). RCA Victor's "New Faces" and "Wish You Were Here" hadn't arrived as this was being written, but we have an overabundance of "Roberta." Both Capitol and M-G-M have disc productions of the Kern-Harbach-Fields musical. The M-G-M set is taken from the sound track of the film "Lovely To Look At," and it bears that title (M-G-M E-150). It has the usual vices and virtue of most of these M-G-M track transfers—the virtue being a vast selling power, with which we aren't too concerned here. Without the visual dimension, the aural balance and the pacing appear quite distorted, and much of the music one hears is brassy and pointless. The tempi are not, we can report, as painfully slow as in the same company's "Showboat," but the feeling persists that the performers are much more concerned with the camera than with the microphone. Still, the engineers have the vocal solos blurting out as close-ups against an orchestral backdrop that is huge, complex, and somewhere in the next county. Then, of course, there is Kathryn Grayson. Miss Grayson's vibrato wreaks havoc with such great songs as "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "You're Devastating," "Yesterdays," and "The Touch of Your Hand."

On the whole, Capitol's version of "Roberta" (L-334), produced directly for discs, recaptures more of the charm, warmheartedness, and continuity of the original productions. The leads, Gordon MacRae and Lucille Norman of "Railroad Hour" fame, sing in relatively straightforward manner. The hoydenish numbers are belted across effectively—in the style set by Celeste Holm back in her "Oklahoma" days—by Anne Triola. A chorus is important throughout. In addition to the above-mentioned songs, both sets include "Let's Begin," "I Won't Dance," "I'll Be Hard to Handle," and "Lovely to Look At." Capitol throws in an Overture, "Madrigal," and "Don't Ask Me Not to Sing." M-G-M opens with "Lafayette," and also includes "The Most Exciting Night"—a little-known lyrical gem—sung rather coarsely by Keel.

Decca has played around quite a bit with the packaging of its assorted original-cast cuttings from "Porgy and Bess." They were recorded about ten years ago and released in several albums. Volume I, with eight vocal highspots, was re-released some time ago on a ten-inch long-player (DL 7006). Now, prompted perhaps by the success of Columbia's complete version of the opera, Decca has put its fifteen selections on one twelve-inch disc (DL 8042). The recording remains somewhat below today's best standard, but the performances of Todd Duncan, Anne Brown, the Eva Jessye Choir, and the orchestra under the baton of Alexander Smallens benefit from the original direction. For those who are satisfied to own the vocal highlights only, this package is a good buy.

Piano Patter

We have two different Erroll Garners on four different labels this month. One is the Garner we have known, with the steady, thumping left hand and the tantalizingly delayed block chords in the right—a modernist harmonically, but with the primitive drive of barrelhouse. The other Garner has made the common mistake of taking himself too seriously, tending to overarrange and to stray from the elemental beat that underlines his best work and qualifies it as "jazz." The seductive pastel harmonies of the French impressionists have had their good and bad effects on modern jazzmen. Erroll may be suffering from overexposure. This, at any rate, is the impression created by SOLO FLIGHT (Col CL-6209), an LP containing "Cocktails for Two," "Love Me or Leave Me," "Chopin Impressions," and more standards.

The Garner we prefer may be heard in ERROLL GARNER PIANO SOLOS (Atlantic LP 112). This features eight more standards including "Lullaby of the Leaves" and a moody, throbbing "I'll Be Seeing You," formerly issued on a single 78-rpm disc. On Okeh (6898), Erroll has remade two tunes that brought him success five or six years ago on the Savoy label. He plays them at least as well now, and the titles are LAURA and PENTHOUSE SERENADE. In the same effective manner he does STAIRWAY TO THE STARS for RCA Victor (47-4723), and IT'S THE TALK OF THE TOWN for Columbia (39580). One wonders when the pianist will run out of standard tunes!

—BILL SIMON.

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THE OTHER SIDE

(*Continued from page 53*)

was the talented young Frenchman, Ernest Bour. The program also included a neat piano concerto by the Italian composer Peragallo, as well as "Le soleil des eaux," a sort of cantata by Pierre Boulez, the latest *enfant terrible* of the Parisian musical world. Compared to the intense, probing intellectuality of Zimmermann, the extravagant difficulties of Boulez' score (replete with *Sprechstimme,* and in strict twelve-tone style) seemed to be just a little too much Paris, 1920-1930; in other words, its interesting features were by far overshadowed by its calculated eccentricity.

On another program the Vienna Symphony conducted by Lavard Frisholm (a Danish conductor who recently recorded for the Haydn Society) gave us one work which made up for the international dulness of the rest of the concert, which consisted of pieces dutifully sent in by the Brazilian, Finnish, Norwegian, Swiss, and Danish sections. This one shining light was a gorgeous-sounding "Poem for Twenty-two Strings" by the English composer Humphrey Searle, a twelve-tone man who may well deserve to be placed beside Schoenberg, Alban Berg, or Anton von Webern.

AS I HAVE intimated above, the ISCM Congress was going on through the days of the festival itself. Just as matters were worst, and bitter criticism was being leveled by most of the members at their colleagues, at the festival, at the jury, and especially at the Austrian section (which was, of course, responsible for the execution of the present festival), one of the leading members of the Austrian section Herbert Haefner, dropped dead conducting the program "Modern Austrians" with the Vienna Symphony. Haefner, a few days before, had conducted a fine Schoenberg concert and had received the Schoenberg medal for his untiring efforts towards the performance of modern music. Recently he recorded various things for U.S. consumption, among them Alban Berg's "Lulu," to be released by Columbia shortly. The next day Bernhard Paumgartner gave a Mozart concert and played the "Ave Verum" in honor of Haefner. It was the most moving performance I ever heard. The impromptu chorus was composed of members of the Salzburg Cathedral Choir, the Mozarteum, and various friends of the conductor.

Haefner, among his other activities here, personally supervised the recording of every single work played during the festival. This is, to my knowledge, the first time that a large festival has been recorded in its entirety, with the possible exception of Prades a few years ago. To implement this gigantic task the whole staff of "Symphonia," the combined technical staffs of Telefunken and the Vienna Symphony, was moved here. All the concerts were taped, and portions or whole works repeated the next day if something was unsatisfactory.

After Haefner's death your correspondent was asked to take over his job. After a few days I realized the grueling task Haefner had to accomplish. Perhaps the major accomplishment was the recording, a day or two before Haefner's death, of the "Mass for the Consecration of the Salzburg Cathedral," written in 1628 by Orazio Benevoli. This mass is scored for four choirs, six orchestras, two organs, and sixteen soloists in fifty-three parts. This mammoth work, together with its companion piece, the St. Rupert Hymn "Plaudite tympana," was played by the Mozarteum Orchestra, the Vienna Symphony, and the Salzburg Cathedral Choir in the cathedral here, conducted by *Domkapellmeister* Joseph Messner. The brilliant engineer, Otto Leitner, who was in technical charge of the festival, recorded the work.

The music is a strange but utterly overwhelming mixture of renaissance and baroque. Benevoli employs the Gabrieli multi-choral technique, whereby the twelve galleries along the side of the Salzburg cathedral, as well as the rear organ gallery and several galleries in the Presbyterium were each filled with performers, just as Gabrieli used St. Mark's in Venice. String orchestras, massed winds (flutes, oboes), and the various choruses, each supported by its own brass group, sounded all along the baroque cathedral.

It is not yet clear how much of this festival will actually be released on LP in America; certainly not all of it, for it is hard to imagine any firm being courageous (or foolhardy) enough to issue the quantities of dull orchestral and chamber music which comprised more than half of the festival. However, it was a grand experiment and one which should mark a new method for the distribution of modern music. In fact, it may well be that phonograph records will one day replace the function of the printed page as a means of contact between composer and public. The Salzburg experiment, despite the quality of the music involved, seems to indicate this trend.

—H. C. ROBBINS LANDON.

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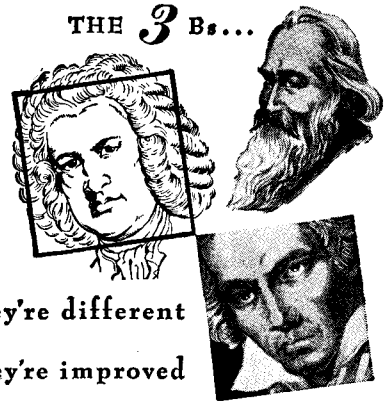

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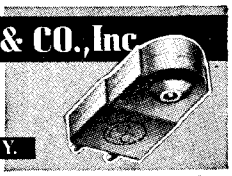

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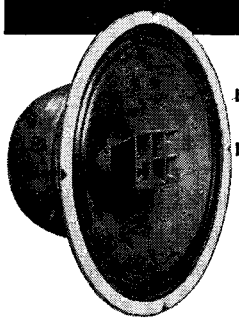

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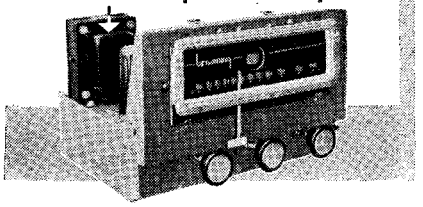

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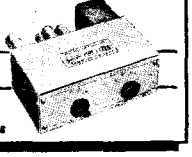

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MUSIC & THE DANCE

(*Continued from page 19*)

Russian school rather than the Italian.

There is a short preface by George Balanchine and a fairly extended section by Lincoln Kirstein entitled "Historical Development." (Both Balanchine and Kirstein are, in addition to their other activities, associated with Miss Stuart at the School of American Ballet, which is the official school of the New York City Ballet Company.) Kirstein, not unnaturally, displays a certain bias toward Balanchine and his theories. Since Balanchine is one of the great forces upon contemporary ballet, Kirstein is on safe ground; and he himself is an eminent ballet historian and connoisseur. But in "The Classic Ballet" the book's the thing; and the book is Miss Stuart's—a grand, virtually definitive job. —ROSALYN KROKOVER.

MOIRA SHEARER. By Pigeon Crowle. Pitman Publishing Corp. $4.50. ALICIA MARKOVA. By Gordon Anthony. British Book Centre. $3. Miss Crowle's account of Moira Shearer's life seems designed primarily as an inspirational success story for younger readers. All the facts are there—where she was born, where she studied, what part she first danced, and so on. All the important intangibles—her qualities of mind and spirit, her inner development—are missing. Miss Shearer emerges as a simple, exceedingly ambitious, hard-working young heroine, possessed of maximum determination and minimum temperament. As the author herself says, Miss Shearer is just now on the threshold of the really creative phase of her career. Since she is not to date the prima ballerina of a company nor the creator or influential interpreter of a large number of roles, nor, indeed, any more advanced artistically than such contemporaries as Beryl Grey and Violetta Elvin (less well known to us only because they have never appeared in movies), the book would seem a bit premature. However, as a study of the traditions of the ballet and as an object lesson in the hard work needed to become a dancer, it can be recommended to all aspiring ballerinas from twelve to sixteen. The many pictures of Moira Shearer are a pleasure to look at; they catch more of her dainty elegance and charm than does the text.

Gordon Anthony's collection of photographs of Alicia Markova captures to a considerable degree her qualities as a dancer—her beautiful line, exquisite lightness, and expressive face. This is in no sense a pictorial biography of Miss Markova, for Mr. Gordon has photographed her only in the roles she has danced in England early in her career and since 1948. As the large middle portion of her career was spent in America, a great many of her famous roles are missing. But many will be interested in photographs of her early days at the Vic-Wells, which are not readily available, even though they are among the least flattering in the book. It is interesting to notice the changes in the parts that Markova danced both early and later in her career in such ballets as "Swan Lake," "Giselle," and "Les Sylphides." As she matured, she became simpler in gesture, facial expression, and costume—one infallible sign of the fine artist.

Here is a warm tribute to a deservedly loved ballerina, whose high standards and classic style have been an enormous influence for good.

—LAURA CLANDON.

BALLET PORTRAITS. By Maurice Seymour. Pellegrini & Cudahy. $10. Seventy dancers are represented in 145 studio photographs in this new collection by the popular ballet photographer Maurice Seymour. Well over a third of the shots are devoted to Sadler's Wells personnel and the remainder is divided among the dancers who have become favorites with American audiences through appearances with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Ballet Theatre, or the New York City Ballet.

Mr. Seymour has paid special attention to photographs of his ballerinas in the most coveted of all roles, Odette, the Swan Queen. To this end, Margot Fonteyn is pictured in a series of panels illustrating the pantomimic language used in the ballet. Other popular Swan Queens in the book are Grey, Elvin, Danilova, Alonso, Gollner, Hightower, Tallchief, Toumanova, Slavenska, and Chauvire. One of the greatest of them all, Alicia Markova, is not shown as the Swan Queen, but as Giselle and Camille.

Otherwise, the volume is broad in scope, ranging from Massine's Dandy in "Saratoga" (1941) to Melissa Hayden's Clorinda in the New York City Ballet's current version of "The Duel." Thus, anyone who has been following ballet since its renaissance in this country will probably find many of his favorites in characteristic roles. The pictures, for the most part, are conventional, and the action shots are reserved exclusively for the male dancers. There is a slight informative text, generally accurate, though at times a bit lavish in praise of certain artists. —R. K.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Repertoire for George Byron

SIR: Among the LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR in *SR* July 26 appears a letter from Hugh Samson of Baltimore, Maryland, which asks if the Desto people who have just recorded a Kern album featuring George Byron can be persuaded to reissue the singer's Gershwin album recorded some time ago under another label.

I should like to inform Mr. Samson that George Byron has re-recorded his original Gershwin album under the Desto label. There is one change in it—the substitution, at the suggestion of Ira Gershwin, of "Back Bay Polka" for "The Jolly Tar and the Milkmaid."

It might be of further interest to add that Byron has just completed a Rogers and Hart album and will be in the East in a few days to record a Cole Porter album of songs selected by the composer. He is contracted for a total of six albums. As he has not decided upon the composers for the last two, I am sure he would welcome suggestions re well-known composers whose lesser-known songs the public wants to hear.

WALTER R. PICK.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Any suggestions which readers may wish to make will be duly forwarded to Mr. Pick, who is George Byron's personal representative.*

Recordings Wanted

SIR: . . . When is RCA Victor going to give us some LP recitals by Maggie Teyte, Sigrid Onegin, Tiana Lemnitz, and Elisabeth Schumann?

FRANKLIN A. WILLER.

Lancaster, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This suggestion would seem to fit in well with RCA's new series of His Master's Voice releases. Doubtless if the initial HMV issues are a commercial success, RCA will pursue this source of recorded material further.*

SIR: Never have I heard more beautiful playing than is to be found in the recording by Karl Haas and the London Baroque Ensemble of Bach's "Brandenburg" Concertos 2 and 4 (Westminster). After the cold meat and soggy potatoes dished up by Casals, Klemperer, Koussevitzky, *et al*, it is a pleasure to hear these two magnificent works played with the proper instrumentation. After hearing these two wonderful works played with the clarity and precision that the London Baroque Ensemble bestows upon them, I am even more convinced that a hearty dislike for all types of music manifested by the bride of Prince Leopold of Cöthen and Bach's subsequent removal to the ecclesiastical drudgery of Leipzig deprived those of us with a more worldly trend of mind of a vast treasury of the sort of secular music that had its highest flowering at the time the "Brandenburg" Concertos were composed. Now to the point of all this: When are we to have the other four concertos recorded by the same group? And are there plans afoot at Westminster to bring out any other eighteenth-century music by the same ensemble. I already have Symphonies 1, 4, 6, and 8 of Dr. Boyce by them, and would like to own the other four.

GEORGE HOLBERT TUCKER.

Norfolk, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since the "ecclesiastical drudgery" resulted in the B minor Mass, the "Matthew Passion," and several score sacred and secular cantatas, we cannot take the deprivation of which Mr. Tucker complains too hard. As for future Haas-Baroque issues, Westminster reports that the remaining "Brandenburgs" and Boyce symphonies have already been recorded and are scheduled for release in 1953. Also on the way are some Haydn divertimenti by this group.*

Pro Munch

SIR: I have attended the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for several years and in that time I have come to feel a considerable pride in the wonderful music-making of that great orchestra. I have read with interest your comments on the various records made by that orchestra under its conductor, Charles Munch. As I remember, there was no performance among these various recordings of Mr. Munch which you liked.

Now, Mr. Munch may not be the best hand at the works of German composers, but most people will at least agree that he is very highly thought of as a conductor of French music. But your recent review of his new recording of "La Valse" indicates that you dislike his readings of this sort of music also. . . . I suppose that I should not challenge your opinions, but I should like to say that I disagree with your very extreme appraisal of Mr. Munch's work. And I am certain that there is a legion of music-lovers who share my sentiments.

GILBERT R. CHERRICK.

Boston, Mass.

SIR: May I ask without implying undue disrespect what exactly is your attitude toward Charles Munch and the BSO? If I recall correctly, you have never admitted that Mr. Munch has waxed anything except a mediocre performance since his advent in Boston.

DAVID H. FLIGHT.

Fort Benning, Ga.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There is a fine distinction, but an important one nonetheless, between the standards applied in judging a concert performance and those used in evaluating a recorded interpretation. We have found Mr. Munch more than satisfactory as conductor of the Boston Symphony concerts—and have said so in print. But there is a difference between a single performance of the Beethoven Seventh in Carnegie Hall as part of a varied orchestral program and a record of the Seventh that must stand comparison with the recordings of Toscanini, Weingartner, Walter, et al. In this company, and in the Germanic repertoire, Mr. Munch as yet appears at a disadvantage. We have been very appreciative of this conductor's "Ibéria," "Daphnis et Chloe," and "Festin de l'Araignée"—to name a few items from the French repertoire he has recorded—and we hope that RCA will concentrate on exposing this side of his interpretative personality.*

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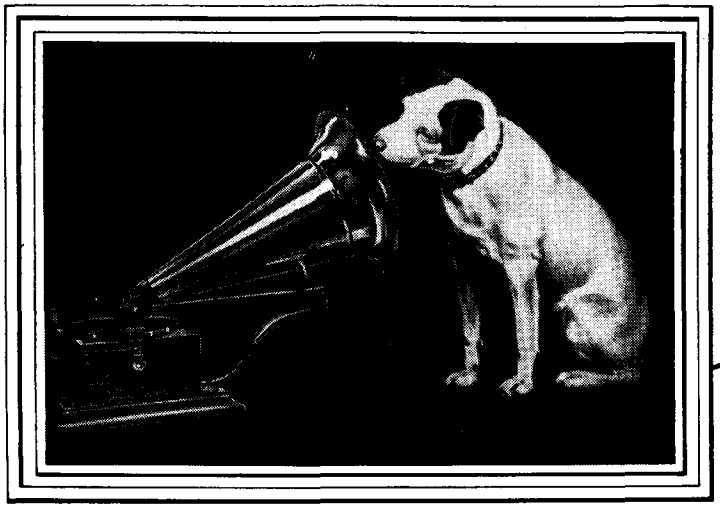

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